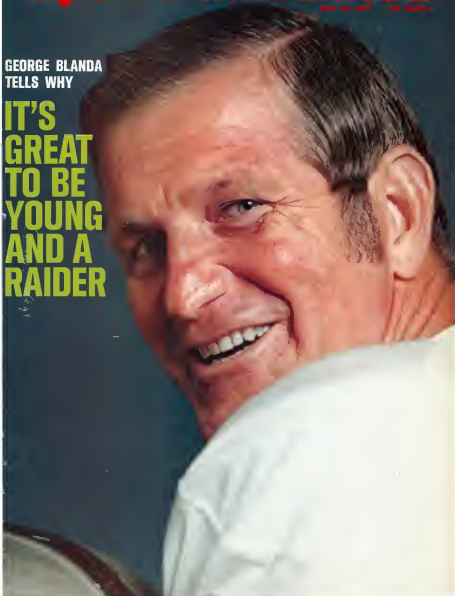


Sports Illustrated

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Simulated movie sequence from still photos by Walter Iones, Jr.

Contents

JULY 19, 1971 Volume 35, No. 3

Cover photograph by Tony Stone

12 Now for the Mexican Open

Amazing Lee Trevino adds the British championship to his American and Canadian titles

16 Show Me the Way to Go Home

Tony Cosgrave—almost blind in one eye, fighting and bareback—gives up baseball

18 Fastest Splash in the West

She is 14-year-old Aussie freestyler Shane Gould, who outgassed a galaxy of stars at Santa Clara

20 The Rajahs' Game Falls on Hard Times

Some international polo players can no longer afford the sport, so they have come down a tackle or two

26 I Keep Getting My Kicks

George Blonka, the ancient marvel of pro football, tells the Bear facts, and more. Part of a three-part series

32 Dance in the Dust

Baseball is sometimes mistaken as a soft, languid game, but its moments of raw crash rattle the quiet landscape

50 BOOG! The Big Baseball Musical

Baltimore's once mighty slugger, Boog Powell, is in a slump. We draw back the curtains and see why

The departments

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 48 Harness Racing |
| 38 People | 66 For the Record |
| 40 Baseball's Week | 67 19th Hole |
| 44 Air Racing | |



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Credits on page 66

Next week

OLYMPIC WINNERS Kipchoke Keino and Mohammed Garmoude will get a gold-medal treat when Marty Liquori and Steve Prefontaine meet the Africans at Durham, N.C.

CHUNKY JOE TORRE and Jean Wilfer Davis offer contrasts in style, if not results, in their fight for the National League batting title, a battle that includes a hot phrase, too.

HARNESS RACING, as depicted by satirical artist Arnold Roth, is a horse of a very strange color indeed. The only stretch in the imagination as Roth rides the old sulky game.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The idea began with the cover of our annual baseball issue, which showed Baltimore's mighty Boog Powell at bat. The illustration was a painting, but one of photographic realism. The figure loomed powerful, yet strangely precise in its stance, the sort of image that conveyed a sense of something monstrously mechanical. In the weeks that followed, the notion of a real Boog Powell and an identical *mechanical* Boog Powell preyed on the mind of Senior Editor Bob Ottum.

The result is BOOG! The Big Baseball Musical, a production that starts on page 50, which is, we admit, far, far Off-Broadway. The play stars, for the first time on any stage anywhere, not one, but two mighty Boogs and features a cast of both real and imaginary people, including a dandy musical organization, the Baltimore Oriole Chorus.

Playwright Ottum is not a baseball expert. Indeed, rarely has the grand American game been approached with such innocence. But in his spare time Ottum is a writer of science fiction, the sort of thing where you do your research staring out the window, and what he kept seeing out his window was Boog Powell. The compulsion was

so overpowering that Ottum wrote—and the fine points of baseball seem to have taken care of themselves. Nor is there any need to worry about the lack of music. This comedy was written to be read, and anyone who needs music can get somebody to hum along. The reader also must provide his own choreography, although there are some handy tips in the stage directions. In essence, BOOG! (the exclamation point is part of the title, as in OKLAHOMA!) is a playwright's fan letter to a sport and one of its biggest—at least largest—heroes: it is a case of wishful thinking, with lyrics added.

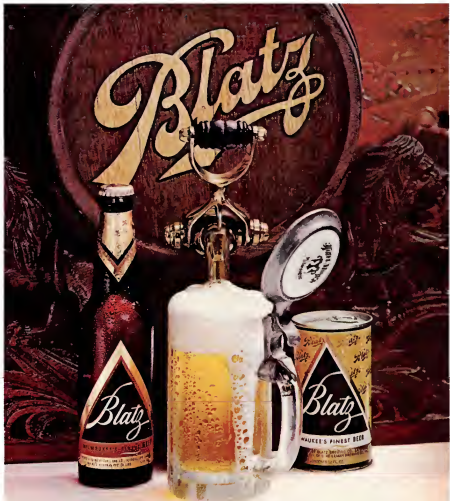
But BOOG! is something else, too. It is an infectious notion. As all Baltimore Oriole fans have asked, could the *real* Boog Powell have been batting .220 just a couple of weeks ago? Impossible! Could the *real* Boog Powell have been benched one day for not hitting? Absurd! And if that isn't the *real* Boog Powell, just who is that 6' 4", 250-pound figure in an Oriole uniform out there who . . . ?

Last week Bob Ottum, a knowing smile playing at the corners of his mouth, went to Baltimore to see for himself. It was his first meeting with No. 26, and Ottum found him to be "a very charming and funny guy." The Oriole star was even out of action with a hairline fracture of his right wrist, which could hardly happen to a robot with arms of steel. Still, when Photographer Herbie Scharfman yelled, "Clomp him on top of the head, Boogtr" (Scharfman has a manic fondness for gag pictures), Powell did just that, bringing one enormous hand down on Ottum's skull. Ottum claims he was 5' 11" when he stepped out on the Oriole playing field, he is now indisputably 5' 7½". "No human could have done that," Bob mused when he got back to the office. "I wonder if . . ."



BOB AND REAL BOOG—MAYBE

Rich Munro



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☐ Yes, I simply can't resist your amazing offer. Here is my \$1 bill. (No checks please, they drive our bankers mad!) Rush me **"MACK," MULTI-PURPOSE KNIFE** (sharper, serrated, slicer, beer can opener and from the car picnic crutch), **"COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE** (Please, only one per customer. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.)

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BOOKTALK

Ernie Banks' autobiography, *"Mr. Cub,"* is a book whose time almost never came

It seems to be a modern publishing axiom that every sports star is worth one autobiography. The formula is a familiar one: the star or his agent get together with a friendly ghost and a willing publisher, a price is agreed to and a manuscript emerges forthwith. The publisher brings out the book, gives it a moderate advertising push and sets up a few interviews for the jock with local talk shows and book critics. Newspapers and magazines review the book charitably, if at all, and the publisher can hope for a sale of between 10,000 and 20,000 copies. For the star it is good publicity; for the writer a sizable advance and a few royalties; for the publisher a modest profit.

Ernie Banks of the Chicago Cubs is one of the oldest superstars to have his life story published. *"Mr. Cub"* (Follett, \$6.95) has been out for a couple of months now, and on the surface it conforms to all the standard clichés. It has received the obligatory good reviews ("Banks' . . . love story of life," —Dick Young, *New York Daily News*) and made the bestseller list of *The New York Times*. But *"Mr. Cub"* is no ordinary sports autobiography. No less than three publishers have been involved in the project over the last two years. Two different agents were busy lining up deals and ghostwriters. And, finally, at least three writers have been engaged in getting the ebullient first baseman down on paper. In short, the project is more interesting than the product.

The genesis of this sticky literary web occurred in the spring of 1969 when Chicago *Sun-Times* sportswriter Jerry Holtzman approached Banks and got what he thought was approval to do Banks' life story. Holtzman took the idea to Henry Regnery Co., a Chicago publishing house, which gave him a cash advance and a contract for \$12,000 on delivery of a book. Holtzman and Banks would split the money.

All might have gone smoothly from there, but sometime in May Holtzman had a clubhouse shouting match with Leo Durocher, and Banks—sensitive about relations with his manager—now seemed to shy away from the deal. Nevertheless, a meeting was set up with Regnery's editors to sign the contract. Banks did not show, so another signing session was arranged. Banks attended, but balked at signing until he had consulted other writers. One of these was Chicago *Today's* rotund, cigar-chomping Jim Enright, a scribe of the passionate old school who has covered the Cubs since 1952 and regards himself as Banks' surrogate father.

While Banks was temporizing, his agent, Jack Childers, began looking around quietly for someone else to write the book. He eventually settled on Brent Musburger, then

sports director at WBBM radio in Chicago. Meanwhile, Holtzman—who had already started his interviews with Banks—was now aware that Enright was involved and felt things should be cleared up. A meeting was arranged for himself, Banks and Enright in an Atlanta hotel following a night game in June. There Holtzman asked Banks to let Enright straighten out Banks' world, not commit himself, so Holtzman told Enright flatly that he and Banks were going to write the book. Enright reacted predictably. Banks would be foolish, he said, to work with the first writer who approached him. The meeting broke up. Enright immediately got on the phone to Frank Scott, an agent in New York, and told him to find a publisher for a book that he, Enright, was going to do with Banks. And Childers told Holtzman the deal was off. Exit Holtzman.

Returning to Chicago, Enright learned that Childers had negotiated a new contract with Musburger. Enright demanded to know what right Childers, Banks' agent, had meddling in Banks' affairs. At this point Musburger bowed out and apologized for the confusion. He needn't have bothered.

Banks next suggested a hiatus until after the 1969 season. Enright went to Cub Owner P.K. Wrigley, presumably to enlist his aid in persuading Banks to proceed, but Wrigley cannot remember the call. About this time Childers pulled out of the project, and Enright finally had the deal. Enright's pal, Frank Scott, became the agent.

The new publisher was to be Viking Press in New York, which paid Enright a four-figure advance against an 80,000-word acceptable manuscript. (Enright had by that time joined Holtzman in the Durocher doghouse by writing that Durocher had gone AWOL during the pennant drive.) Viking received Enright's first manuscript in January 1970 and rejected it. A rewrite followed, and Viking rejected it too. One problem, Viking said, was that Enright had written only 40,000 words. (Enright denies the drafts were rejected, charging the company with "incredible foot dragging." But he kept the advance.)

The following January, Scott approached Rutledge Books in New York with Enright's manuscript, asking them in effect to fix it and get it published. John Samme, the associate publisher at Rutledge, declined the manuscript, but finally accepted the next rewrite—Enright's third version—with reservations. The book eventually reached the stands as *"Mr. Cub"* under the Follett imprint. It had a first printing of 15,000, a second of 5,000 and is now into its third.

Leo Durocher, as usual, got the last word. He claimed that George Vass of the *Chicago Daily News* had rewritten the book for Enright. Vass denied everything.

—KENT HANSON

For Billy Mills, the first few thousand miles were the hardest.

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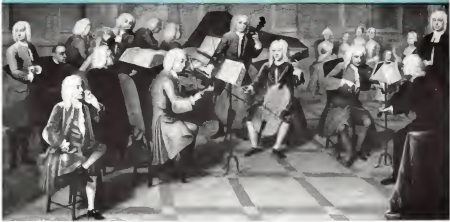
Among the orchestras are: The Bath Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin conducting; The Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, Otto Klemperer conducting; The Moscow Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Serkin; The Virtuosi di Roma, conducted by Renato Fasano. And the featured soloists include, among others: Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedde, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Elisabeth Scherzknopf.

Music authority Frederic V. Grunfeld has written the companion book. It includes full-color reproductions of paintings by Rubens, Velázquez, Caravaggio, Vermeer, Hogarth; rare photographs of art objects, Baroque churches and palaces; specially commissioned diagrams and charts; an incomparable 500-page section on the musical instruments of the age.

"The Baroque Era" also contains a delightful three-part dividend: a monograph on music's role in Western civilization by Henry Anatole Grunwald, managing editor of *Time* magazine; a fascinating essay by the eminent cultural historian Jacques Barzun on "The Art and Pleasure of Listening"; plus a useful guide, "Getting the Most Out of High Fidelity."

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sultry warbling of Telemann's oboes...the velvet throatiness of Purcell's violins."



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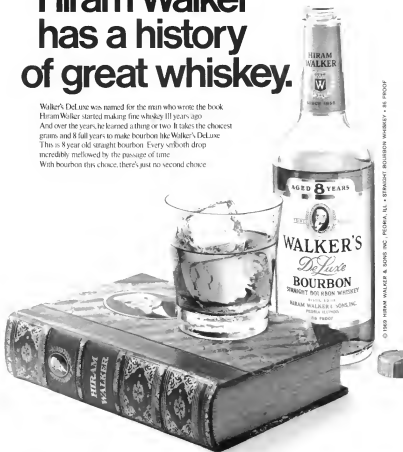
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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THE ICE MEN HAGGLED

The Boston Bruin management was shaken when Clarence Campbell, National Hockey League president, suggested that the team "cannot afford" the luxury of its two top stars, Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. So were Orr and Esposito, who are negotiating new contracts.

"The Bruins can't trade Orr," Campbell explained, "but they could sell Esposito for, say, \$350,000. I can think of at least three teams in the NHL that can afford him—Toronto, New York and Chicago. Chicago can get \$9 for a top-priced ticket. Boston can't do that. The tax situation of the Bruins is frightening. They are one of the few teams in the league that don't own their own building."

The response of the Bruins was a quiet suggestion that Campbell should worry about league affairs and not meddle in club business. The response by Bruin fans goes unrecorded, but can be guessed.

Orr reportedly wants a five-year contract for \$1 million. Esposito, a year-round resident of Boston and reluctant to leave, said he would like to have a five-year contract, too—for a slightly lower amount—but doubted that he could get it, despite the fact that he scored a record-breaking 76 goals and 152 points last season.

Buffalo's Punch Imlach sums up the insider's view of Campbell's suggestion. Esposito, he said, would be "hockey's biggest bargain at \$350,000. If Buffalo didn't come up with the money, I'd buy him myself and lease him to the club. I spent \$200,000 for five players in the recent draft, and they won't get 76 goals among the whole lot of them."

BALL FOUR RECONSIDERED

During spring training Charlie Finley, owner of the Oakland Athletics, was loudly propagandizing for a change in baseball rules. He wanted three balls, instead of four, to constitute a walk.

One baseball man said the only good

in the proposal would be to make Jim Bouton's book, *Ball Four*, obsolete. But Finley insisted: "Let's get men on base. Let's get more runs. There is nothing duller than a 2-1 game."

Since the season started, though, Finley has not been saying anything about ball three. His ace, Pitcher Vida Blue, is stimulating the game everywhere. Vida causes some 2-1 scores, and even has six shutouts among his 17 wins. Just the other night he pitched 11 innings of shutout ball and struck out 17 before being lifted to save his arm. Rollie Fingers took over in the 12th. It was doubly dull for 19 innings, and then the A's won in the 20th, 1-0, at the especially dull hour of 1:15 a.m.

It was probably the game of the year. And not a peep of protest from Finley.

LET NOT THE RIGHT HAND...

The U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York has charged the state's National Guard with illegally dumping refuse in a marsh. Part of the refuse, pamphlets published by the New York conservation department on how citizens can protect the environment.

IF BIGGER IS BETTER

Most proposals to get basketball out of its high-scoring, high-altitude posture involve raising the basket and widening the lane. Press Maravich, Louisiana State coach, has a different idea—enlarge the whole playing area.

Today's players, he says, are so big they no longer have room to move. They fight for room and the game, therefore, is regressing toward outright combat.

HEAVENLY ASCENT

Instead of organizing a "charity walk," which is a British way of raising money, Richard Freeth, Vicar of Mayland, Essex, has announced that he will climb the 14,700-foot Matterhorn next month. Each sponsor will contribute two new pence for every 100 feet he ascends and descends, the money

going to a children's caravan church.

The vicar—and police agree with him—feels that the charity walk is too dangerous because of cars running into walkers. Matterhorn climbing, though, presents no great danger these days. Denizens of the area contend that the greatest peril is slipping on the orange peels left behind by multitudes of other tourist climbers.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Remember the case of the naming of the Edsel? Poet Marianne Moore chronicled the experience a few years ago, all about how she was commissioned by the Ford Motor Company to come up with a name for its new car. The upshot was that after she practically ex-



hausted her *Roger's* with suggestions, the company informed Miss Moore that it had decided to name the car Edsel after one of Henry Ford's sons. So much for poetry.

Comes now the new Richmond (Va.) professional hockey team of the American Hockey League. The owner of the club launched a pick-a-name contest recently. It drew 14,000 entries. The winner was Mrs. Hester Fore, whose suggestion, The Robins, won her a boat and motor. The prizes were presented to her by the team's owner, Claiborne Robins Jr.

INCOMPATIBILITY IN THE STANDS

The San Francisco 49ers are moving from Kezar Stadium to Candlestick Park

continued

next fall. More problems than mere moving are involved.

For one thing, everyone will want a seat on the 50-yard line. But football never has been played in Candlestick and no one is yet certain where the 50-yard line will be situated.

Pete Giannini, the 49er ticket manager, has other problems, too.

"One couple drives in from Modesto every Sunday," he says. "Each of them has a very good seat, but not together. When we got the word about moving to Candlestick I phoned them and told them I could arrange for them to sit together now. The wife told me she likes the shade. He likes the sun, and they've been very happy about the arrangement so far, so please don't change."

"We have another loving couple who separate at the game. He says, 'I can't sit next to my wife. Let some other sucker answer her questions.'"

GOLF UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The first annual Pasture Pool Open, which promises to be one of golf's more outlandish events, will be contested next month over a new course designed by the residents of Arthur County, Neb., who number 600. Of these, 18 have paid \$10 to join the club.

The par-13 course has only four holes, ranging from 170 to 250 yards. On two of the holes, baled hay, accumulated during the making of the fairways, offers formidable hazards.

"We must have the most way-out golf course anywhere," boasts Dr. Willy Hutcheson, veterinarian for the area. Doc Hutcheson is unaware that in Hawaii there is a nine-hole course, the only one in the entire country, which has donkeys and goats tethered on the fairways to provide natural hazards. Even so, Arthur County is doing all right.

UP FROM THE BUSH LEAGUES

One of the last white preserves in independent Africa, the job of the professional or "white" hunter—a handsome, intrepid guy who probably knew Hemingway—is being phased out. Previously, on any big-game safari, African natives have been permitted only to carry the elephant guns, track the animals, lug camping equipment on their heads, skin trophies, cut the firewood, do the cooking and clean the tents.

That day is passing. The continent's first school for African professional

hunters—"white" hunters who are black—has been opened by the government at Arusha, Tanzania. So far only five of 300 applicants have been accepted for courses in hunting in the bush with clients, tracking down wounded animals, tackling poachers, shooting a hippopotamus from a canoe, first aid, sharpshooting, taxidermy, game geography, baling for lion and leopard and the operation of radio telephones.

"The tests they have to pass," says Rowland Mwanjisi, managing director of Tanzania Wildlife Safaris, "are the same as those that have been used for white hunters, including, for instance, conversational knowledge of literature, music, sports, politics and religion."

NANNING THE LIFEBOATS

In the view of Sam Oakland, an assistant English professor at Portland State University in Portland, Ore., "the city is like a ship sinking. No one thinks about looking around for a lifeboat."

That is why he has been instrumental in getting the state to commit itself to spending an estimated \$4.8 million in the next two years for the building of what he calls lifeboats: footpaths and bicycle trails.

"I want the bicycle to become a common mode of transportation," he says. "I want to put America back on its feet again, to make it skinny with a lean and hungry look."

Oakland was a leader of what became known as "the bicycle lobby" during the recent session of the legislature, which passed a bill that requires the highway commission to spend a minimum of 1% of its funds for the establishment of footpaths and bicycle trails. Cities and counties that share in the funds also will be required to contribute.

Oakland sees the city of the future as "one huge Utopian park."

"People could walk or bicycle without being accosted with smoke and smog," he says. "It would mean much less noise and a lot more greenery."

More green money, too, but it would be worth it.

THE VILLAIN IS A HERO

In his search for an honest man, Diogenes might just as well have added another quarry to his hunt—someone who would say a kind word for crabgrass, that noxious destroyer of lawns. Such a figure has now sprouted in the

person of Jay Kirsh, Temple University groundskeeper who encourages the growth of crabgrass on Geasey Field, where Temple teams practice.

"We took a detested weed and put it to work for us," says Kirsh. "If we grew regular grass, either by seeding or sodding, the middle of the field would be eaten up in the fall when 200 athletes began practicing on it daily."

"So what we do is nothing. We just water the field and let the crabgrass grow naturally."

If Geasey Field were sodded, Kirsh estimates, it would cost Temple about \$2,000 for the 1,700 square feet of sod that would be required and about \$300 for labor. And it would be an annual expense.

"If the athletes got too strenuous and wear out the field now," he says, "we may have to call on the people of Philadelphia to bring in their crabgrass clippings. You can't buy crabgrass seed."

POINTED INVITATION

The California Angels have invited Vice-President Spiro Agnew to throw out the first ball at a "special" night on Aug. 6. The thing that's special about it is that it will be Helmet Night in Anaheim Stadium.

FUN COUNTRY

Leisure-time spending in the U.S. has nearly doubled in the past 10 years to about \$130 billion annually, says Dr. James Wylie, who teaches a family recreation course at Boston University. His figure includes everything from stamp collecting to ballroom dancing.

But outdoor activities are high on the list. Last year, he says, some 90 million Americans went on picnics and about 18 million went camping.

And then there is the magazine *Amusement Business*, which reports that we spent almost \$700 million last year to attend ball games, expositions and fairs.

We must be fun-lovers all.

THEY SAID IT

• The Kansas City Royals' 5' 4" Fred- die Patek, on how it feels to be the shortest player in the major leagues: "A heck- uva lot better than being the shortest player in the minor leagues."

• Danny Murtaugh, Pittsburgh Pirate manager, describing baby-faced Bruce Kison, a rookie pitcher: "I looked older than Kison the day I was born." **END**

Donnybrook, Minn., July 4th — Javelin sweeps Trans-Am. Captures 1st and 2nd places, beats Mustang and Camaro for third time. Now in lead for Trans-Am championship.

Mark Donohue raced a specially modified American Motors Javelin to a first place finish today, with Peter Revson finishing second in another Javelin less than a lap behind.

Mustang finished third, and the best Camaro could do was fifth.

This was the second Trans-Am victory in a row for the Javelin and the third this season.

As a result the Javelin now leads for the championship, while Mustang and Camaro trail

in second and third places, respectively.

The Trans-Am series, a group of 11 races that test American-made sporty cars on handling, braking, reliability and performance, holds its next event on July 17th at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin.

This will bring the Javelin one step closer to the championship. And needless to say, we can hardly wait.



**If you're going to buy a sporty car,
buy one that's going places.**



NOW FOR THE MEXICAN OPEN

Lee Trevino caps an unprecedented month by defeating 'Our Tony' and 'Mister Lu' to add the British Open to the U.S. and Canadian titles he had won earlier. What's left for Lee to conquer? **by DAN JENKINS**

In the lobby of the massive old Prince of Wales Hotel in Southport, England last Saturday morning the incomparable Lee Trevino started winning the British Open shortly before eating his poached eggs. He burst upon a table occupied by his wife Claudia and a few friends, a table surrounded by Englishmen, turned his cap around backward like a helmet and started babbling. "Where's Tony Jacklin?" he said. "Man, he's gonna think the German army's after him."

It was the same display of overwhelming confidence that Trevino had shown when he faced Jack Nicklaus in a playoff for the U.S. Open championship at Merion. "I believe the Mex will get big Jack today," he had said in the locker room before their playoff. And the Mex did. Two weeks later—all confidence again—he won the Canadian Open in a playoff.

Now he was in England, down at Royal Birkdale, and after three sparkling rounds of the tournament the British call simply the Open Championship, Trevino had a date with destiny. On this day he could become the fourth player—Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen and Ben Hogan were the others—to win both U.S. and British titles in the same year. All he had to do was hold his one-stroke lead over Jacklin, the English hero, and a graceful little man named Lu Liang-huan from Taiwan. The 35-year-old Lu, who came to be called Maser Lu by just about everyone at the Open, had five times played in World Cup competition but was almost totally unknown at Birkdale. Except to Trevino, of course.

"I used to play with him in 1959, when I was a marne on Okinawa," Lee said. "I remember playing him in Tai-

wan one day and he beat me something like 8 and 7. He's always straight with his drives."

Even so, Trevino kissed off Lu, too. "I'm going to send Lu to the laundry," he joked, "and the German army's gonna get Jacklin."

With that, Trevino went out for his last round and the way he began to play made it look as though something far fiercer than the Wehrmacht, with the Luftwaffe thrown in, was after every other golfer on the course.

The situation was this. Jacklin was playing up ahead, just in front of Trevino and Lu, who constituted the last twosome. Trevino, 11 under par for the first three rounds, was one stroke ahead of both the Englishman and the little, hat-tipping Chinese, who was rivaling Trevino as the most incongruous sight the century-old Open had ever seen.

Trevino's first few holes that last day won the tournament for him, since they saved him when he got into serious trouble later at 17. In those early holes he breezed away from Jacklin and pulled so far ahead of the field that the Open Championship was over—unless some unforeseen horror like, say, a sandhill, crept into the script.

What Trevino did was birdie the first hole with a nifty iron out of the rough and an eight-foot putt—and this right after Jacklin had birdied it to tie momentarily for the lead. He saved his par on 2 with a 15-footer after hearing that Jacklin had double-bogeyed. He jammed an iron into the third and dropped an 8-footer for another birdie. He chipped out from under a bush at the 4th and got his par. He wedged into the 5th and dropped that one from eight feet for a

third birdie, and then he absolutely destroyed the 6th, the toughest hole on the course, a cuthroat of a par 4 that had been cursed all week, even by the circumspect Lu, who had said, "Greten makes putts three."

The 6th was a bad hole, a converted par 5 that called for an iron layup off the tee to avoid some crossing bunkers, and then a wood shot over a hill to a blind green. Trevino had been using a one-iron regularly and he loved the club. "I got me a one-iron I can hit 260 and right through the doorway," he bragged.

That last day he one-ironed his tee shot on the 6th just right, and he addressed his second as Claudia stood nearby with two of Lee's rooters, Jimmy Dean, the entertainer, who had come down from London, and an old hustling companion from Dallas named Arnold Salinas, a bookkeeper for a chain of Mexican restaurants. Throughout the round Lee, knowing his wife and friends were close by, made his comments on various shots loud enough for them to hear. (He jabbered all week as he played his shots, something that astonished the British crowds, the British press and most of the competition. Once on Friday as he looked over a chip shot, knowing the BBC had a sound man near him, he broke up everyone with, "I wonder what old Henry Longhurst is saying about me right now. He probably thinks I got the wrong club.") Now he took a crack at the wood shot and it flew high and straight, soaring over the

runsteeed

A broad grin lights up the winner's face as a 30-foot putt drops during the final round of play.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRABBE





hill. Only Lee could know whether it was sailing in the right direction.

"Oh, my God," he shouted, Claudia and Arnold and Jimmy gasped. Then, laughing, he added, "It's perfect!"

It was, too, unless you feel that two feet from the cup is two feet shy of perfection. It was another birdie, his sixth one-putt green in six holes, the terrible par 4 beaten into submission, Jacklin erased and the championship won if he didn't drop dead—or run into Mister Lu and the sand at 17.

And sure enough, there on the 17th tee, while holding a three-stroke lead, Trevino almost got too cute. Lu had driven first, and nicely, and now Lee was in the process of aiming his drive between two giant sandhills down the fairway.

"Man, you're stronger than laundry," Lee said to Lu, as he wagged his club. "I just want to string this little beauty right down there near that left hill and cut it in there. . . ." Only it did not cut in and it buried in the sand. His first slash at the ball—with a wedge—left him still on the sandhill. He finally blasted out but now he lay three in the rough, a long way from the green, on his way to a double-bogey 7 that could have been totally disastrous. If Lu birdied the hole they would suddenly and stunningly be all even with one hole to play. But Lu didn't. He had made nothing but putts all week, but this one, from about 12 feet, did not fall, and Trevino held on to a one-stroke lead going to the 72nd hole of the tournament.

The last hole at Birkdale was a phony par 5, a drive and a mid-iron for most hitters. Trevino had to get his birdie 4 and hope Lu did not dream up an eagle for a tie.

Trevino hit his best drive of the day and had only a six-iron left. Lu drove well but a bit too far to the left, very close to a bunker. In fact, he was almost standing in the bunker as he swung. He half-topped, half-hooked the shot, but the ball hit a lady spectator on the head and bounded back in the fairway, a stroke of luck for the scrutable Chinese and X rays for the unlucky lady. Trevino did not worry about the luck or the lady. He quickly hit his six-iron to

the back of the green and watched as Lu hit a fine approach to within six feet. Even if Lu sank it for a birdie (which he did), Trevino knew that after all that had happened all he had to do was get down in two for the championship. He putted up beautifully and made the last shove-in, one-foot birdie for a 14-under 278, slung his cap and raced across the green to Claudia. In that moment, of course, he was embraced not only by his wife but by history as well.

The British crowd, which the day before had had a misunderstanding with Trevino when he was playing head to head with Jacklin (who was called "Our hero" and "Our Tony" by British tele), applauded the cheerful Mexican's victory. On Friday Lee had been hurt when spectators, apparently misinterpreting some of his comments, laughed at the wrong times. When some of the more passionate pro-Jacklin members of the gallery showed obvious elation when Trevino missed a putt, Lee said he had felt like going into the gallery with his putter. But his essentially upbeat personality prevailed, and after the tournament he had kind words for everyone. He donated £2,000 (\$4,800) of his £5,500 (\$13,200) winning purse to a British orphanage and that night at a victory celebration in the Kingsway casino in Southport he auctioned off his golf clubs for £600 and gave that to charity, too.

It is something of a shame that Trevino's historic success could not have had a more distinguished setting. There are only seven courses on which the British Open is played—four in Scotland and three in England—and some of the more knowledgeable British writers give inquisitive Americans the bottom line on Royal Birkdale. "It is the worst of the lot," they whispered. Not in terms of space, cordiality, clubhouse, access, hotel rooms and the things that help produce the record crowds, but in terms of enchantment, charm, playing quality and tradition.

"Birkdale is what you might call *nouveau riche*," said one journalist, referring to the fact that the course only got started in 1889. In its earlier days it was a tiny links in Southport, too short for championship play and with a clubhouse no larger than a hen shack over by the 4th green. When the Ryder Cup was played in the area in 1937, the South-

port and Ainsdale Golf Club was used, not Birkdale. But then the course was lengthened and a new clubhouse erected, one that is roomier than most in Great Britain. Birkdale was to have its first Open in 1940, but the Germans postponed that and it was not until 1954 that the championship was held there. It got the tournament again in 1961, the year Arnold Palmer won, and in 1965, when Peter Thomson upset a strong international field, and again last week.

For all of the drama Trevino and Mister Lu and Our Tony produced, Birkdale was not a links to get excited about, not in the way one gets stirred by St. Andrews, Muirfield (where next year's championship will be played), Carnoustie, Troon, Hoylake or Royal Lytham and St. Anne's, the other courses in the British Open rotation.

First of all, Birkdale is normally a par-74 course, with six—yes, half-a-dozen—par-5 holes, including four of the last six. The Royal and Ancient changed one of the par 5s (the hated 6th) to a par 4 to reduce par to 73, but that is still abnormal by American standards. Or anybody else's.

Still, the Americans thought it was more like one of their own courses than any they play across the ocean, principally because the fairways are fairly flat, as compared to the moguls and valleys and hidden flagsticks of a classic Scottish links. The lack of any real wind from the sea and the slow and bumpy greens made the tournament seem terribly un-British.

"I know I haven't really been to the British Open yet," said Masters Champion Charles Coody, who came over for the first time and did well, shooting a 283 for a fifth-place tie with defending champion Jack Nicklaus, who did not get going until the last day. Nicklaus didn't much like the course, either. Some pitch shots, he said, were "like aiming at a bag of dirty clothes."

Nicklaus missed birdies in the first round that might have drawn him very close to a repeat win, but you had to know that no one but Trevino was going to take this tournament. Now the champion announced that he had a new goal. "I've got the U.S., the British and the Canadian Opens," he said, "but, darn it, I've got to wait all the way until October to win my own Grand Slam." He smiled. "That's when the Mexican Open is." **END**

Infant British spectators roosting the hole of Royal Birkdale cheer for Tony Jacklin, here on a hill of his own, and the surprising challenger from Taiwan, dapper Lu Liang-huan.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Tony Conigliaro—almost blind in one eye and homesick—gives up baseball and returns to Boston, to his family and to more controversy
by MARK MULVOY and RON FIMRITE



Last Sunday, when the California Angels were in Oakland and the Boston Red Sox were in New York, Tony and Billy Conigliaro were at home in Nahant, Mass., fishing for flounder in the morning and gloomily catching television accounts of the controversies they had created in the afternoon.

At dawn of the day before, Tony had issued the startling announcement that, at age 26, he was quitting the Angels and ending forever his frequently brilliant but sometimes calamitous seven-year career in the major leagues. He had virtually no vision, he said, in the left eye that was struck by a pitched ball four years ago.

Billy, who ordinarily would have been either in the Red Sox outfield in New York or perhaps, the way things are going, in their dugout, had hurried to his older brother's side, passing to blame teammate Carl Yastrzemski for the trade that sent Tony from Boston to the benighted Angels in the first place.

Obviously, Billy was home in Nahant to fulfill a military reserve commitment. He begged off, however, claiming a broken toe—medical intelligence that must

have surprised the Red Sox, for whom he had played the previous day. More probably, Billy was out of both Red Sox and armed forces uniforms to bring solace to his anguished brother.

The Conigliaros—father Sal, mother Theresa and brothers three—are that close. And in their company Tony is hardly the erratic cutup who, in the opinion of Angel Manager Lefty Phillips, "belongs in an institution." But Phillips may be forgiven for such outbursts, with Conigliaro and Alex Johnson (54, July 5) in the same outfield much of this season, he has had a trying time.

Tony seemed as rational as a man in his depressed circumstances could be as he sat in the living room of his family's fine house Sunday watching first a taped interview of himself, then one in which Boston Manager Eddie Kasko discussed the trouble Billy's accusation has caused in the Red Sox camp. Dressed in kid brother Richie's high school football jersey and a pair of bathing trunks, Tony appeared tanned, rested and not as the least like someone at the end of his tether. He was back home at last, back where a lonely, troubled 26-year-old could re-

lax and, hopefully, find himself again.

He had called a 5 a.m. press conference Saturday morning in Oakland and told the bleary-eyed newsmen, "I have lost my sight and I'm on the edge of losing my mind." His performance in the 20-inning loss to the A's that had only concluded four hours before had, in fact, bordered on the manic. After going 0 for 8, striking out five times and getting into a heated argument with an umpire, Conigliaro was tossed out of the game when he swung in frustration at his own batting helmet and then flung his bat.

After the game he told Phillips he was quitting. This was not an original thought, but one he had nursed since spring training. Dick Walsh, the Angels' general manager and the man who had made the trade with Boston that brought Tony C to California, tried until 4.30 in the morning to talk Conigliaro out of his decision to retire. "I spent most of the time trying to make him realize that this wasn't an hour for decisions," Walsh says, "but he was a picture of a totally frustrated young man. He kept referring back to taking our

money under false pretenses. There was failure in his eyes. It was futile."

"I was going over the edge," Conigliaro said, sitting in his parents' living room. "The way I was, I couldn't sleep. I was tossing in bed nights, and I was obviously on the brink of something bad. Now was the time for me to get out."

Conigliaro had been on the periphery of the Angel storm center all season, though teammate Johnson's bizarre behavior usually overshadowed his own. Tony never produced as a hitter for the Angels. His average was .222 and he had only four home runs. He suffered from a succession of injuries, the most severe being a pinched nerve in his neck. His new Angel teammates did not always accept his explanations of poor health, however, and after one trip to the hospital he returned to find a catspaw-spattered uniform laid out on a stretcher alongside his locker. Conigliaro dismissed this far-from-subtle intimation of hypochondria as a clubhouse prank. But he was obviously troubled by accusations of malingering. It is odd, considering his medical history, that they should persist.

"I've had a broken thumb, a broken wrist, a broken hand, a broken arm, a fractured cheekbone, a dislocated jaw, a fractured shoulder blade and a cracked finger," he protests. "And people say I'm a hypochondriac."

But all his injuries the past three years had one benefit, he says. They served to effectively camouflage his real trouble—diminishing vision in his left eye. He nearly lost the sight of the eye and came reasonably close to losing his life when he was struck by a pitch thrown by Jack Hamilton in 1967.

Conigliaro sat out the 1968 season recovering from the blow—it was assumed he would never play again—then came back dramatically the following year to hit 20 home runs and drive in 82 runs. And last year he had his best season ever, with 36 home runs and 116 RBIs. But in October the Red Sox traded him to the Angels, a transaction that bewildered and angered the Conigliaro clan. Tony had been a Boston-area schoolboy hero, and as a home-town star and a bachelor, he had been reaping a celebrity's harvest. Now all that was gone.

In Southern California, Conigliaro found starlets for company, the promise of a part-time show-business career and a snappy apartment in Newport Beach

with Raquel Welch as a next-door neighbor. But as idyllic as that might sound, Conigliaro was a cod out of water. "Tony is a young 26," a friend said a couple of weeks ago, "and I know damn well he is homesick. He misses his brothers. He misses his father. He misses his mother. And maybe most of all, he misses his Boston."

Nonetheless, Conigliaro maintains that his failing sight is the only cause of his abrupt retirement. Phillips has angrily accused him of taking the easy way out of a bad season. Conigliaro replies that by retiring he loses \$40,000, the second half of his annual salary that he might have kept had he merely claimed an injury. And in answer to those skeptics who say he had put together two pretty fair seasons for a one-eyed man, he answers that the effort had caused him repeated headaches and nervous tension.

"It's difficult for me to explain the condition of my eye," he said on Sunday. "I can see the sides of a television screen, but I have trouble seeing the center of it. I can see sidearm pitches pretty well, but not somebody like Sam McDowell coming straight over the top. If I closed my right eye against a pitcher like that, I couldn't see the ball at all."

The eye has not been operated on, as is commonly believed, he said. "I didn't want to tell anyone that the eye was not as good as it should be. I let it get out that my vision in my bad eye was 20-30 in a test, but I cheated on the test. I had studied the chart before with my other eye. I felt that if people in baseball knew my eyesight was as bad as it was, I'd never have made it back. Even last year when I was having a great season, I was scared. I could get hit again by a pitch and maybe get killed. I was risking my life in the outfield. Really. I'd lose the ball and it would reappear, bang, in my glove. But my lawyer, Joe Tauro, convinced me that I should not retire. He said it would not have looked right to retire when I was traded."

The trade remains an injury of a different sort. "It was stupid. At the end of the season I told the Red Sox about my eye trouble. I asked them to move me from right field to left, where the sun wouldn't bother me so much in Fenway Park. But they told me no, because

that would admit I had a problem. I really felt great when they said that—and I mean that seriously. I needed support, and I thought they were behind me and that we would be there together for a long time. Then came the trade."

"I was never happy with the Angels. When I was traded, I went into shock. I began to think what baseball was all about. It is big business. I discovered a ballplayer is a machine. When a player is hurt, they grease him, scrub him, oil him and push him onto the field."

And now, as the brothers Conigliaro watched the television set, Boston Manager Kasko appeared on the screen. Billy's problems with the Red Sox, the voice was saying, were "petty."

"Yeah," snarled Tony at the tiny image, "real petty."

The Conigliaros have always presented a united front before a world they have long construed as hostile. Tony's retirement triggered Billy's anti-Yaz diatribe. Things might have been different, Billy said, if the brothers had been allowed to play in the same outfield.

"Tony was traded because of one guy," Billy had said in the clubhouse before leaving for Nahant. He pointed to Yastrzemski. "Tony was the best clutch hitter we had, and yet he got traded. Why? Because Yastrzemski runs this team. Johnny Pesky [a former manager], Ken Harrelson [also retired] and Tony are all gone because of him. I know I'm next, but I don't care."

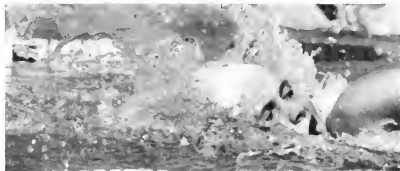
Not far from the Conigliaro house that Tony has come home to, there is an auto dealership boldly emblazoned YAZ FORD. It is owned, of course, by Yastrzemski. The Conigliaros must pass by it on their way from Nahant to Boston. In the view of Tony and Billy, their troubles surround them.

END

Billy C and Tony C, brothers in arms, meet at home in more relaxed times last summer.



FASTEST SPLASH IN THE WEST



Shane Gould, a determined Australian of 14 whose braces belie her gunfighter's name, came out blazing in Santa Clara to prove herself the swiftest woman swimmer there—or indeed anywhere **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

They seemed to come from everywhere, men thrusting microphones under her nose, kids jostling for her autograph, each honoring in his own way the world's fastest woman swimmer. Of course, one does not usually think of a 14-year-old schoolgirl as a woman, but if Shane Gould demonstrated nothing else on her triumphant visit to California, it was that her athletic gifts went well beyond her years. Only when the adulation of the crowd dissolved her pretty features into a shy smile, baring the braces on her teeth, were watchers jolted into remembering just how suddenly this young Australian with the gunslinger's name had burst onto the scene.

There have been plenty of overnight sensations in swimming, but Shane, whose tender age makes that other evocatively named Australian prodigy, 19-year-old Evonne Goolagong, seem almost maternally by comparison, may be the most sensational of all. It was just last year that she failed to make her country's team for the Commonwealth Games, and the first time she ever swam outside Australia was during a European tour this past spring. That was when it happened. Competing at a meet in London, she stunned the swimming world

by tying the oldest record on the books, Dawn Fraser's 100-meter freestyle clocking of 58.9 in 1964, then showed it was no fluke when she propelled her 5' 8" frame through the water the next day to a world mark of 2:06.5 in the 200.

When she turned up in the U.S. for last weekend's Santa Clara International Invitational, Shane was accompanied both by her parents and her newly acquired reputation, and she promptly struck a deal with the former even while she sought to enhance the latter. Moving in with a Santa Clara family, Shane asked her folks, who were staying at a nearby motel, to allow her to extend her week-long U.S. visit an extra 24 hours if she managed to set another world record, even though that would mean missing one more day of high school back in Australia.

The Goulds reluctantly agreed, perhaps figuring that with only four days to recover from her 20-hour flight from Sydney, and to adjust from her wintertime training regimen, their daughter was not in much danger of breaking any more records.

But Shane and pessimistic thoughts are strangers. "I'm pretty sure I'll get a record here," she shrugged, swaddling

herself in a towel one morning after a workout in the glittering Santa Clara pool. "I seem to improve every time I get in the water. I haven't finished a race yet where I felt I couldn't go a bit further."

Shane merely wanted an extra day, but her rivals thought she would never leave. Shamelessly dominating the biggest international meet of the year—there were entries from 12 nations—she swept all four freestyle events and, sure enough, got another world record, this time at 400 meters. Going up against Karen Moras, a 17-year-old Australian who held the existing world mark of 4:22.6, Shane moved out in front early and kept enough for the last 50 meters to win going-away from Karen in 4:21.2.

Behind her prowess in the water was the kind of singlemindedness Shane showed immediately following her record swim. Earlier Friday afternoon she had breezed to victory in the 100 meters, and a fellow with one of those microphones asked which of the two events she preferred. Shane was already looking ahead to the next day. "I prefer the 200," she said, and she went on to win that one in 2:06.61, a frustrating one-tenth of a second above her own rec-

ored. As if three world records for the season were not enough, Shane finished on Sunday with a 9:03.87 in the 800, 20 seconds better than her fastest previous time and tantalizingly close to Karen's record of 9:02.4.

"Shane is more focused on what she's doing than any athlete I've ever seen," marvelled Australia's former swim star Murray Rose at poolside, and Shane's father, an airline marketing manager, could only agree. At home in the leafy Sydney suburb of Pymble, Ron Gould has found it necessary to sneak into Shane's bedroom and turn off her alarm clock in order to force her to miss an occasional five a.m. workout and get a little more sleep. Shane's love of physical activity dates back to the seven years she lived as a child in the Fiji Islands, where the elder Gould worked for Pan American World Airways. Shane spent her days tirelessly climbing coconut trees. "She never sucked her thumb," says Ron Gould. "Oh, she had a teddy bear, I suppose, but she never really needed any object of sublimation."

Along with such compatriots as Karen Moras and 16-year-old Graham Windheart, the two world-record holders at 800 meters, Shane Gould has helped restore Australian swimming to the heights of a decade or more ago. This resurgence, brought about by Australia's relatively recent age-group program as well as by the year-round training made possible by new indoor pools, has posed a particular threat to the women swimmers of the U.S. They are clearly in danger of losing the supremacy they enjoyed at the 1968 Mexico Olympics, where they won 11 of 14 swimming gold medals.

But the challenge is coming not just from Australia, nor can it be said for sure that the U.S. men are altogether secure, either. Things are stirring everywhere in world swimming. One indication was the appearance at Santa Clara of 10 Soviet swimmers, the first ever to compete in the U.S. The Russians have improved steadily in recent years, but not nearly as quickly as they had hoped. "When we compare our times with others, we cannot be happy," said Nikolai Rusk, the Soviet director of athletics. This may suggest that the Soviet Union is now ready to compete in topflight international competition on a more regular basis.

One event the Soviets need not apol-

ogize for is the breaststroke, which, perhaps significantly, is also the one stroke with a military application; a soldier using it can carry a heavy backpack in the water. Putting the stroke to her own uses, 22-year-old Galina Stepanova, a gold medalist in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics and now mother of a 20-month-old daughter, swam away from the field in both the 100 and 200 meters, while Nikolai Pankin, also 22, twice outduelled his U.S. archrival, Stanford's Brian Job. Following his win in the 200, Pankin received a kiss from his coach, Olga Harlamova, a mountainous one-time airline mechanic who, by the manner in which she herded around her star swimmer, left little doubt that Women's Lib is a settled matter in Moscow.

Job and a number of other U.S. swimmers were not in peak condition, preferring to think of the Santa Clara meet as a tune-up for both the upcoming Pan-American Games and next month's National AAU Championships in Houston. Nonetheless, the American defeats—foreign swimmers took 13 of 24 events—had one leading coach, Sacramento's Sherm Chavoort, grumbling that Americans have been altogether too willing to share their hard-earned swimming techniques with others. When a group of Soviet swim coaches toured California last year, Chavoort declined to let them inspect his Arden Hills Swim Club, although he did consent to a subsequent visit by an Australian coach, Forbes Carlile.

"Maybe I shouldn't even have let Forbes in," said Chavoort in a grave voice. "I like him, but I don't want to help him beat me. People say everybody should try to help each other in sports. I say, baloney." So saying, Chavoort amiably invited Carlile to be his guest again, and off they went to Sacramento after the meet.

It was not difficult, however, to see why Chavoort had misgivings about helping Carlile. At the time of his first visit the Australian was the coach of Gould and Karen Moras (Karen switched soon thereafter to another coach, Don Talbot), both of whom have been helping make life difficult for Chavoort's star pupil, Debbie Meyer. There was a time not long ago when Debbie held four world records, but between them Shane and Karen have stripped her of all but her 1,500-meter mark.



Shane gets victory kiss from Aussie coach.

Debbie, who will turn 19 next month, remains the leading U.S. hope to stop the two Australians from utterly dominating the women's freestyle, but she has had difficulty reclaiming her old competitive desire. She showed up in Santa Clara in good spirits and a tomato-red sweat shirt reading *s'm'l s'm'l goooo*—her father works for Campbell Soup Co.—and promptly scratched out of her freestyle specialties, which left her with a third in the 400 individual medley to show for the meet.

"She's not ready mentally," explained Chavoort. "And anyway, I don't want her pushing Gould and Moras to more records. She'll be ready for the nationals." Debbie concurred. "I want to quit a winner," she said. "I've come this far. I'd be crazy to quit now."

At Houston she will have to get along without Shane Gould, who has to study geography and such. Her latest world record did give Shane the extra day in the U.S. her parents had promised, which in turn could have some bearing on the matter of a letter she found time to write to her 16-year-old boyfriend back in Sydney. Meeting her father at the pool on Saturday, Shane instructed him to mail the letter at once. "It's got to get home before I do," she said anxiously. If it worked out that way, it would be the only race she would lose all week.

END

A number of international polo players have been unhorsed and are no longer able to afford their strings of ponies. These days they compete on bicycles, which if less glamorous, are cheaper **by GEORGE PLIMPTON**

THE RAJAHS' GAME FALLS ON HARD TIMES

An old English adage goes as follows: "Fox hunting, *Pouch* and polo are alike in one respect. They are not what they used to be." Right on the nose, at least certainly in the last category, where polo, the game of dukes and rajahs, has come down off its high horse in recent years to cavort slyly around on bicycle wheels. The fast-developing sport is called bicycle polo. It has caught on at 100 clubs in England, and over the Fourth of July in Southampton, Long Island a curious and fashionable public turned out to stare at itself, and from time to time to glance at the novel pastime, as four men's and two girls' teams competed in the R. Bennett Forbes Memorial Cup tournament.

The sun-drenched afternoon had a strong international flavor. Flags of the United Kingdom, The Netherlands, Italy, Cuba, Argentina and the United States—designating the nationalities of the participants—rippled from the goal-post crossbars on the Nyack Preparatory School football grounds. The four-man teams, sporting numbers and distinctive uniforms, represented a strange geographical amalgam of clubs: Southampton, Buenos Aires, Central Park and Wysteria, a team whose quarters are the famed polo haunts around Old Westbury, Long Island. The girls, almost all

of them Americans who summer in the Hamptons, had provided themselves with roller derby team names: the Knockouts and the Bombers.

As for the crowd, it also reflected in fashion and manner the international set—greetings called out in foreign tongues, the open-air kiss alongside the cheek—as it strolled the field. The younger spectators loitered on the grass in front of cars parked along the sidelines. Some perched on the hoods, turning in their hands tall glasses that had been replenished from wicker hampers and ice coolers back in the car trunks. The trunk lids were up all along the haw. Two girls under a pair of parasols sat in a convertible whose California license plate read STONED. The girl-watchers had a field day. Steve Schlesinger, the son of the historian, announced: "I must say I have not been watching the polo games very closely."

The tournament started at 4 in the afternoon. As the combined polo teams stood in a line at midfield astride their bicycles, their mallets raised at attention, the national anthem played over a loud-speaker system. The first match of the tournament's draw threw the blue-jerseyed Southampton team (composed of a Cuban, an Englishman, an American and a Denchman) against the red jer-

seys of Buenos Aires (two Argentaneans and two Americans). During the first three seconds of play a dog, a corgi, ran out on the field, snapping at the bicycle tires, and the game was halted. In the sixth second of play a policeman behind the sidelines blew his whistle to wave off a car; the Southampton team, believing the whistle was the referee's, pulled up their bicycles and then, startled, watched a Buenos Aires player (the American Austen Gray), pumping hard, score a goal unmolested. Buenos Aires went on to rout Southampton 8-2 and reach the final. Nick Semunek, the Englishman playing for the losers, described his own disappointing play as being "too





One of polo's famed Corey brothers, Alan, comes a cropper in the finale against Buenos Aires, but eventually Corey's team triumphed.

tense. Besides," he added, "I had a monumental hangover."

Next, Central Park (three Americans and one Italian) took the field against the Wysteria team, an all-American squad favored to win the tournament since it included the Corey brothers, Russell and Alan III, who are from a renowned polo family and have international reputations. The P.A. system announced them. The official at the microphone was having a difficult time, stumbling and referring a number of times to the U.S. "Polio" Association. And he balked at a German-sounding name on the Central Park team. "We can't pronounce this German fellow,"

he declared plaintively, his voice booming over the manicured lawns. "So we'll just have to do without it."

The game began. A bicycle went down. Its rider sprawled. The number on his back, according to the program, identified him as James Hochschwender, presumably the name the announcer had given up on. Hochschwender looked at his bike in dismay and let loose an involuntary kick at its frame. It just lay there. The sprocket chain dangled grotesquely. "The bike's done for," someone on the sidelines said in studied languor. "What's he going to do with it? Shoot it?"

The spectator next to him grinned and

said that at least one of the advantages of bicycle polo was that the unhorsed player could pick up his bicycle, and as long as it had not been warped or bent out of shape, he could continue on it. Or, if it were damaged, he could wheel it to the side and hop on another one. On the other hand, an unhorsed player in real polo had to chase his horse, which could frisk around endlessly, with no time-out being called by the referee unless the loose pony interfered with the game.

In fact, the rules of regular and bicycle polo are basically the same—four bicycles to a side, and the purpose of the game, of course, is to drive the ball,

continued

a regulation polo ball, through goal posts set 12 feet apart. The field dimensions are set at 110 by 80 yards maximum, which means the game can be followed easily from the sidelines, a refreshing departure from regular polo, which is played on a field three times as large and has often been described in England as "a game played by Peers on the far side of the ground."

Essentially, the only differences in rules between regular and bicycle polo are 1) that a bicycle polo player is limited to striking the ball three times in a row and 2) that contact is not allowed. A player cannot "ride off" an opponent—a feature of regular polo that allows a participant to barge his pony into the other fellow to separate him from the immediate vicinity of the ball. "Bicycles get busted up, and they cost too much," says Carlos Conchoso, who reestablished the U.S. Bicycle Polo Association in 1970 and is chairman of its finance committee. Indeed, as one of the accounts of bicycle polo points out, the pony is somewhat "resilient" and can "bounce," whereas a bicycle is an "uncompromising animal which will tangle itself with whatever it can lay its pedals on." Some of the bicycle polo players rather regret the no-riding-off rule, particularly those who have played regular polo. John Sullivan, who is a member

of the Wysteria team and sports a ferocious crop of red hair and love beads, decidedly prefers riding off. "I like the contact," he says.

Bicycle polo is not as new a sport as one might expect. In 1897 there was a Bicycle Polo Club flourishing in Milton, Mass. England has had bicycle polo competitions since the turn of the century. Perhaps the foat of American bicycle polo is the Aiken Preparatory School in South Carolina, an exclusive playpen for the very rich where the sons of such polo greats as the Bostwicks, the Knoxes and the Coreys serve their apprenticeships on cycles, wheeling about on long, lovely lawns in the evening, learning tactics and shotmaking so that when they graduate from pedals to stirrups they are endowed with a fundamental feel of the game. Paradoxically, many of the players, because of the enormous expense of keeping a string of ponies (Ladde Sanford once paid \$22,000 for a pony named Jupiter), or because of violent turns in their own personal fortunes, are now back where they started—a bicycle seat under them, jiggling over the rough stretches of the grounds, the wheels squeaking shrilly, knowing that compared to the glamorous tableaux of man and horse they present an incongruous sight as they pump downfield, helmeted and hunched over

the handlebars of their tiny bicycles.

Yet, the practitioners of the game support it with passion. It has evolved its own language ("Pump! Pump hard!") a player will shout to urge on his teammate). New tactics and shots are continually being developed. Gene Bierhorst, an American on the Buenos Aires team, has established a considerable reputation with his "under the sprocket buckhand" shot, in which he smacks the ball between the wheels of his own bicycle—such a rarity in regular polo that it is referred to as "a millionaire's shot" because only a few can afford with equanimity to try a hit that could damage their mounts. And the bicycle equipment is constantly being refined and improved. The Cuban contingent developed the cut-down handlebar on their shot-making (right) side, so that the sweep of the mallet would be less impeded.

The relative value of the different types of bicycles is always a topic. A large percentage of the players seem to prefer the manbike with an 18-inch wheel, which gives them maneuverability. Some of the Americans prefer the 27-inch British touring bike, normally a stripped-down Raleigh girl's model, especially on a large field where they can use their bike's superior speed to advantage. The bicycle polo players have considerable affection for what they call their mounts. Carlos Conchoso owns seven of them. Andres Carrillo of the Southampton team has one for which he has such simpatía that he has given it a name, Black Beauty. "Yes," says his teammate, Nick Semunek, "you can develop an enormous love-hate relationship with your machine. Obviously, you can't train a bicycle the way you can a pony. But you'd think we were trying—what with all the oiling and grooming and caressing, and talking we carry on with them. It's really rather depressing. . . ."

At halftime, the Wysteria team having ousted Central Park and put itself in the finals against Buenos Aires, the girls' teams rode out and played an exhibition chukker, the Knockouts vs. the Bombers. The girls wore white hot pants and formfitting jerseys. The interest along the sidelines, which during the main matches had been desultory, was now intense. "No bras," a knowledgeable viewer announced. "Helps pedal faster."

"Helps the pedaling?"

"Absolutely. And turning is easier."

continued



Having suited up to take best advantage of the momentum factor, the Knockouts—Woody Sickel, Beate Field, Lee Sabie and Lorie Morray—went on to win over the rival Bombers



"It was the only thing to do after the mule died."

Three years back, the Hinsleys of Dara, Missouri, had a tough decision to make.

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They weighed the two possibilities.

First there was the problem of the bitter Ozark winters. Tough on a warm-blooded mule. Not so tough on an air-cooled VW.

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Then there's the road leading to their cabin. Many a mule pulling a wagon and many a conventional automobile has spent many an hour stuck in the mud.

As for shelter, a mule needs a barn. A

bug doesn't. It just sets out there all day and the paint job looks near as good as the day we got it."

Finally, there was maintenance to think about. When a mule breaks down, there's only one thing to do. Shoot it.

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THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

The weight, you see, free like that, helps swing them around. We call it the 'momentum factor.' " He gestured with his hands.

"The momentum factor?"

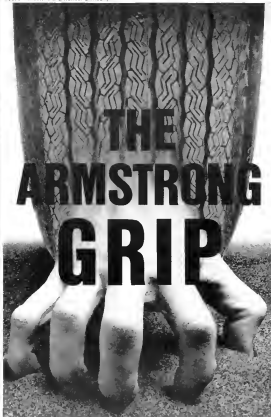
"That's right."

A few of the girls had not been able to resist accessories: Lulu Morrissey, a striking girl with blue eyes, wore three slender necklaces from which dangled a red coral Fatima's hand, a St. Christopher medal and a large brass Arabian kohl jar shaped like a fish that clonked alarmingly on her breastbone as she pumped after the polo ball. Lee Sable, who owns a fashionable Southampton store named Zoom and is of such competitive nature on the polo field that her nickname is "Sudden Death," wore one necklace of seashells and another with a lion's tooth pendant. The girls' game was infinitely slower than the men's, with the polo ball often sitting untouched, shining like an ostrich egg in the grass as the girls circled it warily, their bikes teetering sharply from the effort of a missed swipe at the ball with their mallets. A Southampton summer resident who has written half a novel said, "They move about with the agile unconsequence of kittens." Their cries rose in the summer air. The spectators cheered them on and booed when the exhibition was finally called with the Knockouts leading by a goal.

The Wysteria team took the field against Buenos Aires in the finals. As expected, it won—five goals to three. Russell Corey scored three of his team's goals on long foul shots. The awards were handed out at a ceremony under the school portico. Each winning player received a small pewter mug with a glass bottom. The runners-up got a jar of 100% Colombian coffee. "We are at the beginning of a great era for bicycle polo," said Carlos Conchevo.

As the crowd meandered off to its evening festivities, a slim girl in a red jump suit announced to her neighbor that everything was pretty small potatoes compared to what went on occasionally in New York's Dutchess County, namely, a golf-cart polo tournament in which one person drove the golf cart with a teammate in the seat alongside wielding a regulation-size mallet against a croquet ball.

"There are absolutely no rules," the girl said brightly. "It's terribly expensive. The crashes are simply terrific." **END**



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The world's oldest quarterback was the dramatic hero of the 1970 pro season and the idol of the aging. In this first of a three-part series he tells of his competitive youth, his rise to oblivion (i.e., quarterbacking the Chicago Bears) and his premature retirement 13 years ago—a mistake he will never willingly repeat

I KEEP GETTING MY KICKS

by **GEORGE BLANDA** with **JACK OLSEN**

Personally, I think it's a shame, all the star football players who retired in the prime of life. Lou Groza, washed up at 43. Ben Agajanian, prematurely retired at 45. Y. A. Tittle, gone when he was 38 and Bob Waterfield at 33. Norm Van Brocklin hung them up at 35 as did Otto Graham, the finest quarterback I've ever seen. Why, that's a tragedy. Does anybody really think Otto Graham couldn't have played six or eight more seasons? Of course he could. Even now, at 49, Otto handles himself better than most of the young backs right out of college. But like all the others, he fell victim to one of pro football's many unreasoning prejudices: that you're no longer capable of playing when you reach 30 or 35. Baloney!

Last season I was 43 years old, and I went through the most exciting year any football player ever enjoyed, and I don't mean only as a field-goal kicker tiptoeing out there to try for three and then running for the sidelines. I mean as a complete football player, doing the whole job week after week.

After last year people came up to me and said, "George, how do you do it? What's your secret?" Word got out that I had a special diet, that I didn't drink or smoke. One "insider" said that I was taking hormones, and that was why I was able to play so many games at my ripe old age. Well, there is no secret.

My special diet consists of the same things I've been eating ever since I grew up: steak and potatoes and green vegetables. I smoke and I drink. The worst five years of my 21 as a pro were the five when I didn't smoke at all. Now I've gone back to cigarettes, a pack or two a day, although I don't inhale them. As for alcohol, I enjoy bourbon—it's part of my University of Kentucky background—but I don't guzzle it down like water. I sip it, and I limit myself to two or three drinks. You may see old George Blanda acting stupid, but you won't see him acting drunk!

There's never any simple explanation for anything in sports, least of all for my good times last year at 43. It's all part of a package. I'm a product of a million different forces, starting in the crib in Youngwood in the coal country of western Pennsylvania. One of the main forces on me were my six brothers, all of them terrific athletes. My brother Tom was a quarterback for Army; he still holds a West Point record. My brother Paul was a linebacker and kicker at Pitt, and he would have starred for the New York Giants, too, except that he tore up his knee. And around Youngwood there are people who'll tell you that some of my other brothers, the ones who didn't go to college, were even better than the rest of us. To this day, I'm known as the fourth-best kick-

er in the Blanda family and the third best quarterback.

Competition is what drives me, and I think those six brothers of mine kept the pressure on all through childhood and helped to make me as competitive as I am today. How competitive is that? Well, I *love* to lose. I can't stand to lose. One night before a league game last year my roommate Mike Eisched and I were playing cribbage and he got \$2 ahead, and I made him play game after game so I could get even. "Listen, George," he said, "I'll just let you win. We've got to get some sleep."

I got mad as heck. "If you let me win I'll know you're doing it, and I'll keep you here till eight in the morning," I said. "Now deal the cards." At 3 a.m. I pulled even, and I said, "O.K., Mike, that's it. We're square. Come on, we've got to get some sleep."

As a training ground for competitiveness, you couldn't beat Youngwood. We had people subdivided into more nationalities, classes, religions and types than any sociologist ever imagined, and every group competed with every other group. Why, there are people in Youngwood right this minute who look down on me because I'm of Slovak descent, and I guess if I was perfectly honest I'd have to admit that there are certain groups that still bug me. That's the way I was brought up.

continued



alan G. Baker . 11

Yes, we knew about competition, and we knew about work. All my dad ever did was work, work, work. He'd come home grimy and black and exhausted from 10 hours half a mile down in the earth, mining coal, and he would always tell us, in that broken English of his, "Nobody else in family sets foot in those mines, you hear me, Nobody else. Only me." And he made it stick. From my oldest brother Pete, now the Western manager of the Kewanee Oil Company, to my youngest brother Tom, a mathematics instructor at West Point, not one of us has ever seen the inside of a coal mine. My father was a hard man, a good drinker, a ruthless disciplinarian, but I will always respect him for keeping us out of the mines.

That doesn't mean we didn't work. Oh, how we worked! Almost every one of us starred on the various Youngwood high school teams—track, football, basketball—but the chores always had to come first. Times were tough; there were even some months when we were on relief, and I'll never forget the awful taste of that grapefruit juice and mutton and soup that they used to give us. We picked trash. We set up bowling pins for 3¢ a line. We trapped muskrat and sold the pelts. We'd pick coal from the railroad yards. Anything to make a few pennies. Anything to save money. My dad did odd jobs. Can you imagine? Ten hours a day down in the pits, and then he comes home and does odd jobs for the neighbors. No wonder he enjoyed his "Bohemian martini"—a beer, a shot of whiskey and a mushroom—over the weekend. He would cut the neighbors' grass, paint their houses, mend broken furniture. He used to trim our hair. He cobbled our shoes. My mom made all our rugs and most of our clothes. We all wore hand-me-downs. I didn't have anything new till I was 13 years old, and I never owned a suit till I went to college. All seven of us boys slept together in a dormitory in the attic of our old frame house. A toastmaster said about me a few years ago, "Blanda never slept alone till he got married," and he's absolutely right. It was good training for pro football, let me tell you.

So it was a miserable life, right? Wrong! If we were miserable, we never knew it. We thought we were happy. A kid in Youngwood with a rock to kick or a tire to roll or a pair of tin cans on his shoes so he could clatter around town

and annoy the other nationalities—why, he was a lucky kid. We swam bare, we arm wrestled, we kicked the can, we raced and played cards and pitched pennies and shot pool and threw rocks and played hockey with sawed-off tree branches. We competed till we were ready to fall down, and we didn't get into trouble because we were too exhausted. Besides, in the Depression years in Youngwood, Pa. there was nothing to steal.

I tell you all this for a reason. That coal country of western Pennsylvania has produced more fine athletes per square mile than any other part of the United States, and I think you can begin to see why. In the coal country nobody has a whole lot, right? So they learn the pleasures of competing, and they raise competition to a fine art, and that's what produces great athletes. Did you think it was an accident that Stan Musial came from Donora, 20 miles from Youngwood, or that Arnie Palmer came from Latrobe, nine miles down the road? The list is endless. Look at the quarterbacks alone. John Unitas came from Pittsburgh, 30 miles west of Youngwood. Johnny Lujack came from Connellsville, 10 miles away. Babe Parilli from nearby Rochester, Pa., Terry Hanratty from Butler. And there's that kid from Beaver Falls who picked the NFL's big bag of gas and made them like it.

Naturally, when competition is so heavily stressed, organized sport is a big deal. I played everything. I was all-county in basketball and all-county in football. Youngwood High School was very small, and I was the track team. I was self-instructed—we had no track coach—and I specialized in the field events. I used to carry the javelin along the ground, and I'd get a terrible whiplash across my back as I'd throw it, because I had no form at all, just power. I taught myself to throw the discus and put the shot, too, and by the time I was a senior I was going to interscholastic track meets as Youngwood's sole representative. I could usually figure on picking up firsts in the discus, shot and javelin. They'd introduce the Youngwood track team, and I'd come running out in my overalls, T shirt and high-top sneakers and start throwing.

I guess I was pretty well scouted by the college football coaches. I scored 15 touchdowns as a halfback and I did all the kicking and punting. It was nothing

for me in those days to kick a ball 70 or 80 yards. Heck, kicking was a family tradition. We practiced it by the hour.

I wound up at Kentucky under the whirlwind coach of them all, Mr. Paul (Bear) Bryant, and what an influence he was! Playing for Paul Bryant is like going to war; you may come out intact, but you'll never forget the experience. I have never worked as hard in my life.

Somehow Bear tagged me at first as a blocking quarterback in the old Notre Dame box formation, and this really frosted me. I was a kicker, a punter, a passer and a runner, and I'd be damned if I was going to rumble around the backfield like a truck, blocking for other people. So I played bad, and Bear temporarily demoted me to linebacker on the B team. I went crazy. The first time we scrimmaged the varsity I must have made 10 straight tackles, and I tried to kill everybody I tackled. It got so bad that one of the varsity halfbacks cursed me and kicked me in the face after I'd made an especially vicious tackle. I didn't care. It was competition.

The Bear taught me discipline, respect, dedication. We were so tired after football practice that we could hardly lift our feet, and we still had to run to the locker room, because when you played for Bear, you ran every place. If he caught you walking, he'd tell you to turn in your uniform. Thank you, Bear, for that miserable, instructive background. I think it might have something to do with the fact that I'm still playing today.



YOUNG GEORGE—A HERE 30—BOOTS ONE

After four successful seasons on the Kentucky varsity, I was drafted 12th by the Chicago Bears, which meant I had the privilege of meeting a man who was just as hard-nosed as Bear Bryant but nowhere near as helpful. I refer to George Halas, "Papa Bear," the man who practically invented pro football. You might as well know at the outset I don't like George Halas. I don't get along with him. But I'll always respect him. He fought and kicked and screamed and hollered to make pro football and the Chicago Bears successful enterprises. He kept the game above water during the 1930s almost by the sheer force of his own will. He's been very faithful to those who've been faithful to him, helping ex-Bears when they're down and out, helping them get jobs, lending them money. So I've got to respect certain things about George Halas. But I don't have to like him. He took away my best 10 years in pro football, and all he gave me in return was a dead sparrow and a piece of string. He thinks that the game is won or lost by the masterminds (like himself) who pull the strings on the sidelines. Never mind the players; they're just the pieces that the great chess master moves around in his infinite wisdom. Halas has won two league championships in the last 25 years, and personally I don't think he'll ever win another one till he either retires or disabuses himself of his chess-master approach and learns how to teach simple, fundamental football, how to motivate men.

I signed my first contract with the Chicago Bears in 1949. If you've forgotten how long ago 1949 was, let me refresh your memory. Sid Luckman, the hero of the Bears' storied 73-0 win over the Washington Redskins in 1941, was still the Bears' No. 1 quarterback. George McAfee was on the team, and so were Bulldog Turner and Ken Kavanaugh. Norm Van Brocklin was a rookie quarterback with the Los Angeles Rams, and Darryl Lamonica, our Oakland quarterback, was throwing spitballs at girls in the third grade. John Unitas was attending St. Justin High School in Pittsburgh. Vince Lombardi was offensive backfield coach at West Point. Milton Berle was the big hit on television, *Death of a Salesman* was the big hit on Broadway and Harry Truman was the big hit in the White House. Joe Louis had recently retired as the world's heavyweight champion, and the Brooklyn Dodgers were in Brooklyn.

Now that we've established once again what an old creak I am, let's proceed to the Chicago Bears' front office on West Madison Street and view the scene as young George Blanda, naive and innocent, arrives to discuss his first contract with the old master, George Halas. I had received an offer from the Los Angeles Dons of the All-America Conference and, to tell the truth, I leaned toward the Dons. The Bears had three quarterbacks. Luckman, Johnny Lujack and Bobby Layne. How was I supposed to compete with that trio? But I decided to hear Mr. Halas' offer.

"Confidentially," he told me, "you have a good chance of making this club. We're getting rid of Bobby Layne to make room for you." How much higher a compliment can you pay a man? It wasn't for several years that I realized that Halas made a habit of trading away great quarterbacks. In his view of things, quarterbacks were just the instruments of his own genius; all they had to do was what he told them, so it didn't much matter how good they were.

Anyway, I peaked up when I heard this news. Then Halas began a long speech about the traditions of the Bears, how much they needed me, what it meant to be a Bear and all that jazz. He even reminded me that he and I had something in common: our ancestors came from Eastern Europe. He said, "George, you'll really enjoy being a Bear, we're gonna win year after year, and you'll

pick up all that extra playoff money and we can do a lot for you in the business world around Chicago, too."

I asked about dollars and cents. He threw out a figure: \$6,000. My head went ding-a-ling like a cash register. I'd studied physics at Kentucky, and I'd planned to graduate and go into teaching and coaching, which would have paid about \$3,000 a year, so already I was ahead of the game. But I still had the Los Angeles Dons to think about. Maybe they'd pay more. "I'd hate to sign anything today, Mr. Halas," I said. "I've got another offer."

He became very emphatic. "We've got to get this squared away right now," he said.

"Well," I said, "suppose the Dons offer me a lot more money?"

"Now, George, you don't want to go to that junior high school league, do you? Why, they'll be broke in a year. You want to play with the established National Football League, with a team that's got tradition."

"Yeah," I said, "but \$6,000 doesn't sound like much money."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm gonna do," Halas said. "I'll give you a \$600 bonus, and that'll make it \$6,600. I'll write you out a check for the \$600 right now." He whips out a checkbook and starts writing.

What could I do? It was one thing to talk about some intangible \$6,000-a-year salary, but a \$600 check *right now* was something else again, a terrible temptation for a 21-year-old kid who'd never had anything in his life. So I said O.K., and I signed the contract and another piece of paper. When I got outside, I looked at the back of the \$600 check where it said, "Advance on 1949 contract," and I looked at the other piece of paper and discovered it was an IOU for \$600. If I didn't make the team I'd have to repay the \$600 with interest. It wasn't a bonus at all; it was an advance against salary.

At the time I was more interested in getting out on the field and playing football. But there was an obstacle: the Bears' playbook. Or I should say, the Bears' playbooks. There were volumes of them! When I went to Chicago three weeks early to begin studying plays, they handed me three big ledger books, 200 or 300 pages each, full of plays. I dug into them and asked all the questions I could, but I never claimed to be Albert Ein-

continued



FOR THE BEARS IN 1957 AGAINST L.A.



PAPA BEAR Halas called the shots from the sidelines and related games of 1-0-0.

stem, and the sheer amount of memory work involved frustrated me completely. Johnny Lujack tried to help me, and so did Luckman, in his own way. Under the Halas system every player has to copy every play into his own fresh notebooks at the beginning of the season. *Every player? Every play?* So Luckman helped me by letting me copy his notebooks for him. Of course, I did my own, too. And still I didn't know all those plays, and I'll bet Luckman didn't either. There must have been at least 1,000 pass plays and 800 runs.

I took it all so seriously. What did I know about the pros? I'm older now, and I look back on that poor, dumb, 21-year-old George Blanda with sympathy and sadness. Now I know that other pro football teams don't have nearly that many plays, and very few coaches subscribe to the mastermind theory of football that Halas uses, where everything is X's and O's and secret plays and double options off the Statue of Liberty on a hidden-ball variation. Now I know that football is blocking and tackling, throwing and passing and kicking, and *hitting*, and that execution is the thing, and that you can have all the playbooks in the world and you still won't win if you don't hit and execute.

In my first scrimmages I was awful. Under the Chicago system the quarterback not only calls the plays, he calls the blocking assignments as well. No wonder Chicago has become known as

a burial ground for quarterbacks. Everything was color-coded: Halas had a passion for secrecy, and I'd go into the huddle with my head all full of chartreuses and yellows and burnt ochers, and then I had to remember the letter designations, A, U, M, B or Z, and whether we would use a Jack or Jill formation and so on. From what I hear, it's still the same at Chicago. You can tell by their standing in the league year after year.

My only satisfaction in those Bear years came from hobnobbing with the likes of Luckman and Lujack and Bulldog Turner and Ed Sprinkle. Luckman used to have a summer home about 100 miles north of the Bears' training camp in Rensselaer, Ind., and when we'd get a day off he'd ask me to chauffeur his big Chrysler convertible while he stretched out in the back with his shirt off. "Drive at an even 50 miles an hour so I can get a nice tan," he'd say, and off we'd go. My nose would get so burned I'd lose 10 layers of skin, and I'd be thankful for the privilege. It was like hauling Franklin Roosevelt around.

As things worked out, Sid was slow to recover from a thyroid operation and Lujack had a bad leg, so I played in most of the scrimmages in the training season. After a while I began to look far better than I was. I still hadn't been able to digest all those plays, and good old Bulldog Turner, unbeknown to the coaching staff, was feeding me the plays in the huddle. I'd come back to the huddle and I'd say, "O.K., Bull, whattya got?" and he'd outline some terrific play and I'd look good calling it and executing it. The Bull would go to the sidelines and say to the coaches, "Say, that Blanda's really a pip, isn't he? He must really be studying that playbook."

I thought I was a lock to start, but when the opening exhibition game rolled around, against Pittsburgh at Cincinnati, right in my old backyard, Halas started Lujack. My first game as a Bear, all my old friends there to watch, and I'm shot down. I kicked off and I must have hit that ball a good 80 yards in the air, I was so sore.

Well, the score was 0-0 with a few minutes to go in the third quarter, and Halas comes over to me and says, "O.K., kid, go in and get 'em!" As I ran out on the field, I noticed George McAfee standing over by the sidelines, just in bounds, and he gave me a little hand motion to

throw him a pass. Pittsburgh didn't have the slightest idea that George hadn't left the field, and I threw him a 40-yard touchdown. How's that for an introduction to pro football?

The Bears really came on after that gift touchdown. I completed seven out of seven passes, threw for three touchdowns, kicked four extra points and kicked off into the end zone every time. We won the game 34-0 with five touchdowns in the last 18 minutes of play. After the game the press huddled around me, and I tried to answer them as modestly and correctly as I could. They also interviewed Halas, and the next day I read his comments in the paper. He said that I was a good prospect, but that my footwork was faulty and I held my hands wrong.

Later on I figured it like this. Halas was extremely concerned with his own image as the great mastermind of the Bears. Now he couldn't have a third-string quarterback looking too good while his two other high-priced quarterbacks were sitting around, could he? So he had to find flaws in me.

Well, through all those miserable years with the Bears I won the first-string quarterback job many times and lost it just as many until football ceased to be any fun at all. I engaged in a conspiracy with the other members of the Bears simply to get through the days. I'd needle Halas to try to loosen him up, to try to make him come down off that high perch of his, but it never worked. I used to put imitation parking tickets on his car to see him blow his top, but he'd never take it as the joke that it was. He'd get mad and stay mad for days.

Out on the field, life wasn't much more rewarding than it was while needing Halas. I played quarterback, linebacker, cornerback, safetyman, anything that would give Halas his \$6,600 a year value (my salary didn't change for the first four years, and it never changed much). The high point of my early years with the Bears was when Harry S. Truman came to one of our games and observed later that I must be one whale of a place-kicker. "Why, did you see what he did," Truman told one of our coaches. "He hit the upright from 48 yards out! He must be a very accurate kicker to be able to hit exactly what he aimed at from such a long distance."

Sometimes it seemed that the only thing that genuinely inspired our Bear

coaching staff was magic tricks and positions, all the sophomoric stunts you used to see in the 1930 movies about football—hidden-ball plays, gimmicks like McAfee lingering on the sidelines, maneuvers like sneaking into the other team's practices with a long-lens movie camera. They absolutely went ape over things like this. Halas especially despised Paul Brown and the Cleveland Browns, not only because the Browns had come out of what Halas called a junior high school league, but because they routinely clobbered the Bears on every occasion. There was no length to which Halas and his staff would not go to try to get an edge on the Browns, and I include spying on their practices. Once we were scheduled to play the Browns in an exhibition game, and Halas made us go out to practice at six in the morning to confuse the Browns' spies. There probably weren't any Brown spies—certainly not at that hour—but Halas figured if he was spying on the Browns, then they must be spying on him. He always suspected that the Browns' spies watched us from a cornfield across the road from our practice field at Bensenville, and to circumvent this he would station a few of our men in the cornfield to stalk up and down the rows and catch the enemy spies.

The years droned on. Oh, how they droned on! Lujack retired and Luckman quit, and Halas brought in Steve Romanek and Bobby Williams at quarterback. When they didn't make it he brought in more, till it reached the point where we never knew who our quarterback would be from one game to the next. Usually it wouldn't be me. It would be Ed Brown or Zeke Bratkowski or Romanek or Williams or Tommy O'Connell or who knows? The point is: no one quarterback was ever allowed to stick around long enough to learn the system.

The whole thing pains me when I think about it. More than anything else, it was the total and absolute inconsistency that wore me down and broke my spirit. By the time the 1958 season was over, I knew I was on my way out of pro football. In the whole 1958 season I threw the ball seven times, and I could tell they'd given up on me. I was 31 years old and I was on the bench.

Before the 1959 season opened, Halas called me in. "George," he said, "I don't know whether you can make our club this year."

"Well," I said, "I'll have to have some kind of assurance that I'm going to play."

"I can't give you any assurance at all. You have three options. First, you can stay on as a kicker."

"I won't stay on just as a kicker," I said. "I won't play for anybody just as a kicker, even now."

"O K," then there's option No. 2. You can come back and try to make the team as a quarterback, but I don't think you're going to beat out Bratkowski, Brown and Rudy Bukich, not at your age."

"What's the third option?" I asked. "You can retire."

"Why don't you trade me?"

"You don't want that. You're set here in Chicago, you have a good job with a trucking company in the off season, you have a nice home here. George, you don't want us to trade you." The heck I didn't, but I knew it was impossible. So we settled on \$6,000 to buy up my contract, and I went home to face the prospect of retirement. I didn't like it one bit. I was 31 years old and I felt strong as a bull. I brooded around the house. I drove my wife and kids crazy. I went to the YMCA in La Grange Park, Ill., where I lived, and worked out every day. While the Bears were in training camp, I was working three times as hard as the Y. I went to a La Grange high school field and practiced my kicking till it was too dark to see the ball. Kids stood around watching the crazy old man with the heavy foot. I would kick the ball, chase it 70 or 80 yards, then kick it back and chase it again. The kids used to ask each other: "Who's the oldest kicking a football?" Nobody asked for my autograph. I was just the graying old crock that used to kick for the Bears and now was all washed up.

The Bears opened their exhibition season, and I went to the games. I was there solely to watch their new kicker, John Aven, not to hope that he broke his leg, but only that he sprained an ankle or something. To tell you the truth, he played terribly. Aven was a very nervous and talented kid from the University of Indiana, but the pressure on him was something awful; anybody would have folded under it. Some of the Bears told me that Halas had Aven out there every day kicking and kicking for hours at a time, and all the coaches took a whack at helping him.

As Aven continued to miss extra points and short field goals, I began to

feel better. They'd have to call me back. No team could play in the NFL without a 50-yard field-goal kicker and a 98-yard extra-point kicker. A few days before the season opened I telephoned a friend of mine on the Bears' coaching staff. "What's going on?" I said. "When is Halas gonna call me back?"

"George," my friend said, "take my word for it. You're not ever gonna be called back."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "George, let's not go into it. I attend the meetings; I've heard what they have had to say, and you're not gonna be called back."

That conversation was like taking a Rocky Marciano punch to the jaw. I knew this coaching friend of mine was a straight shooter, and I knew he had to be telling me the truth. But I also knew that I couldn't quit playing football. I began contacting other teams, trying to get a job, but the long arm of George Halas kept reaching out and keeping me in retirement. I thought I had a job with the Colts, but Halas quipped that. A couple of league games went by, and Baltimore Owner Carroll Rosenbloom called me and said, "George, why don't we just forget it for this year?"

So that was it. I was out. I went to all the Bears' games for the rest of the year, and I rooted for them to lose. Not that I didn't have a lot of good friends on the team, but I was so hurt and so angered at being prematurely retired that my hatred spilled over to the whole organization. I still think it was a reasonable, justified anger. I still steam at the name of George Halas, because he took away my best years. For him and the Chicago Bears, I had passed for 5,936 yards, kicked 88 field goals, 247 out of 250 extra points, played 115 games, passed for 48 touchdowns, run for five more and kicked 511 points in conversions and field goals, the Bears' record.

And now, at 31, I was out on the streets, washed up, a has-been. I sat out the year, but I never for a second thought that I had played my last game of football. It turned out that I was right—by about 150 games.

NEXT WEEK

The AFL discovers ancient George, he discovers the wild ways of Houston, and then comes Oakland where he finally quits at 42—almost.

Dance in the Dust

Its critics contend that baseball is a static game, an exercise in inertia—all those men loitering about waiting for someone to hit the ball. Football, with its repeated episodes of calculated violence, meshes better with the tempo of life in the '70s, they claim. But baseball's pace is part of its charm, those deadly quiet moments broken so suddenly by the desperate action. As Douglass Wallop, author of "Damn Yankees," wrote in his informal history of the sport: "The game may at times seem merely a set piece, a tableau of men frozen—yet at any given moment the tableau can explode. With one pitch, one swing of a bat, as many as 13 men can be set in swift motion, each darting his way through an intricate pattern of movement, a pattern with the precision and often the grace of choreography." The practiced eye of the true baseball enthusiast sometimes can pick up all 13 players at once, but no human eye can match the camera's in recording what really happens when the bodies start flying and the base-path dust swirls up. As the photographs on these pages show, the action indeed suggests *The Dance*, but here it is a rugged dance and a hazardous one, too. A Pete Rose bowling into home plate or a Richie Allen slashing into second base is as much a part of the times as any suicide blitz a marauding opposition linebacker ever threw at Johnny Unitas.

Elevation is a principle of survival for a major league short-stop. Here the Giants' Chris Speier executes a graceful leap over the hurtling body of the Dodgers' big Richie Allen.







Cheered by Leo Durocher, the Reds' Pete Rose lowered the boom on Cleveland Catcher Ray Fosse to win the 1970 All-Star Game. Later, in the Series, Rose was the victim when he failed to take out Baltimore's Dave Johnson and went sprawling. Below, Pirate Vic Davalillo (all of 155) did get his man—Met Bud Harrelson (150)—and both ate dust.







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CHARCOAL

MELLOWED

BY DROP

Phillie Second Baseman Denny Doyle (15), rocked by a hard slide, is toppled, but Met Jerry Grote (below) remains upright and looks for new worlds to conquer after logging Dodger Manny Mota at home plate.

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The Doubled, Redoubled and Vulnerable Sporting Book Title of the Week Award goes to **Cornelia Sherinwald** for *My Husband and Other Men I Have Played With*. Author Sherinwald tells how a little finesse, an opportunistic pass and an occasional Bath Coup can make a woman a winner in games with men. If her game is bridge.

■ Not since the days when Flash Gordon and his pals Dr. Zarkov and Dale Arden subdued Ming the Merciless and his evil accomplice Vultan (thereby liberating the planet Mongo and saving Earth's nitrogen supply from Ming's Nitron Lamp) had **Beverly Crabbe** won a bigger victory. Crabbe, who quit competitive swimming after his record-setting victory in the 1932 Olympic 400-meter freestyle, looked like all those film heroes he played—Flash, Tarzan and Captain Mike Gallant of the Foreign Legion—when he returned to the pool of his '32 triumph

for the Senior Sports International meet in Los Angeles. Healthy and handsome at 63, Crabbe set three records for the 60-64 age group, winning the 1,300-meter freestyle (26:59.8—Zowie!) and the 150-meter individual medley (2:23.3—Zappo!) before joining the winning relay team. His best showing came in the same event he won in 1932: he clipped more than a minute off the age group record for 400 meters with a 6:37.1 clocking. Mericle!

And six pit-pats on the back to **Reif Anselm** for winning the third annual Stone Skipping Tournament at Mackinac Island, Mich. Anselm was credited with "dogged determination and classic form" as he rocked 250 other skippers, sealing seven plinkers and six pit-pats for a total of 13 skips and the title.

Oh, My Achung
1. SACRODILAC. Mrs. Diane Jenkins won the title of *Miss Beautiful Backside*.



tyful Back Nine at the opening of the Sugar Loaf Village (Mich.) golf course's second nine holes. But hers was not the first back roundly acclaimed at Sugar Loaf. When the far side of Sugar Loaf Mountain was opened to sking two years ago the celebration's biggest asset was a *Miss Beautiful Backside*.

2. STOMACH. Ellis Robin, a during little 81-pound, 13-year-old from Encino, Calif., gave up in the middle of his beld attack on the world banana-eating record. Gussy Robin had devoured 10 bananas a day during a week of intensive training for the attempt—but could only choke down 12½ on the day of his record try. Aww, nuts. The four-year-old record still stands: 40 bananas in 0:39:40.0, held by England's (are you ready for this?) Tony Figg.

3. METACARPALS: Karate expert Bill Corbett smashed 2,600 bricks with his bare hands, breaking his own world record of 2,051. Also his thumb. Attempting to raise funds for life-sustaining kidney machines in Monroe, Wash., Corbett had expected spectators to contribute \$1 for each brick he broke. In-

stead it was Bill and the charity who were busted: donations totaled only \$290, which was \$10 less than the cost of the bricks and Corbett had to break the last pile with his head and elbows to save his sore hands.

◆ Oakland's Big Mustache, **Ben Davidson**, has seen all those dull golf tournaments on television. So to give "some volatility" to the charity meet he sponsors he added a club-throwing contest. And, sure enough, the defensive lineman was the thing himself, tossing a nine-iron 58 yards, 2½ feet. Another entrant, former Raider Quarterback **Tom Flores**, showed what happens to retired passing arms by lofting his club into a nearby parking lot and almost conking two bystanders.

The play was a quarterback's dream, away scampers flunker **Wilber Campbell** for a touchdown. Yessii, football fans, Campbell cut quickly for the air-conditioning unit, climbed up to the dorm roof, jumped 20 feet to the ground and blazed a fly pattern to the end zone, uh, woods. His goal was escape from the Clifton T. Perkins Hospital in Jessup, Md. and the cops, who last saw Campbell go out for the pass during an inmate's football game, have yet to make the tackle.

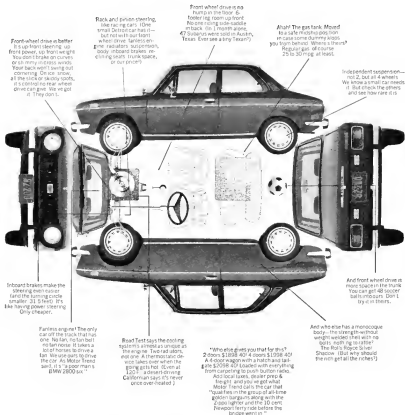
"Now stop going around telling everyone that **Pepper Rodgers** is your father," said **Kelly Rodgers'** mom after the 16-year-old had been boastfully introducing himself to his new Los Angeles playmates as the son of the recently appointed UCLA football coach. O.K., mom.

The next little scene takes place at church shortly after his mother's admonishment. The minister asked him who his father was. "Well," answered Kelly, "I thought **Pepper Rodgers**, the new UCLA coach, was, but my momma says he isn't."



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Bronx cheer-up for Yankees

The Babe's power built Yankee Stadium in the Bronx, but now his house is an antique in a supersonic age. The Yankees were being wooed by developers of a planned suburban super stadium in New Jersey, and traditionalists were shuddering. The Hackensack Yankees? The Garden State Bombers? But last week Governor Nelson Rockefeller approved a bond issue requested by Mayor John Lindsay that will permit New York City to purchase the stadium for \$24,000,000. Fans will get escalators, new seats and a deck over the bleachers, and taxpayers will get more access roads and parking lots. The Yankees have promised to stay for 30 years. They may have the place to themselves, too, for the NFL Giants seem to already have one cleated foot in the Jersey marshes.

THE WEEK

AL EAST NEW YORK lost consecutive 12-7 games in Boston and Detroit, then returned to its gingerbread stadium, secure there now, and beat the Red Sox twice. Felipe Alou helped by hitting two triples to left field past Carl Yastrzemski. "I've never seen the ball travel so fast here," Yaz decided. BOSTON'S Sonny Siebert beat the Indians 3-2 for his 12th win, becoming the first Sox pitcher since Mel Parnell in 1953 to win that many by the All-Star break. Four of five BALTIMORE wins came on complete games, by Dave McNally, Pat Dobson, Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer. The four allowed only six runs and 21 hits and now have a combined 47-13 record. Frank Robinson's 13th home run was his 2,500th major league hit. "I can't get very worked up over that," he said. "Lots of guys have done it." Anyway, 45 guys have. DETROIT'S Norm Cash had six RBIs and two home runs in one game and briefly took over the league home-run lead. Teammate Mickey Lolich won his 14th game, and his second in two tries against Denny McLain, now of WASHINGTON, who lost his 15th. The Senators' longest winning streak this year ended at six, but the last win was a beauty: 18 hits and a 15-6

pounding of the Indians. "Everything seems to have jelled," Ted Williams said of his club, which promptly jelled to a freeze, losing three of four at Baltimore and two straight to the Tigers. CLEVELAND played 10 games in eight days and lost eight of them. Sportswriters began lambasting Manager Alvin Dark's strategic impulses and, to add injury to insult, Indians Ray Fosse and Sam McDowell were both hurt, so the team did not have even one player on the All-Star squad.

BALT 22-32 BOST 48-37 DET 47-39
NY 41-47 CLEVE 38-51 WASH 24-52

AL WEST OAKLAND leads by 1½, but Manager Dick Williams is nervous. His team scored only six runs in one 57-inning stretch. Still, the one run the A's scored in 20 innings against the Angels was enough to win the longest 1-0 game in league history. Vida Blue struck out 17 in 11 innings, and Darold Knowles earned the victory when an Angel killer named Angel—Mangual—singled at 1:05 a.m., one out before a curfew would have ended the whole thing with 40 goose eggs. Charlie Finley bought his Angel a \$200 suit. CALIFORNIA won six of seven games, but Manager Lefty Phillips would probably trade them all for a little peace. (See page 16.) KANSAS CITY won four times but scored only 12 runs in an eight-game stretch. When the hitting started at last, however, the biggest belts came from the majors' smallest package. Fred Patek, 5' 4", hit for the cycle as the Royals handed the Twins their sixth straight loss, 6-3. "What's your home-run pick?" someone asked Patek. "I don't know," he replied. "I don't hit enough of them." MINNESOTA is the certified bust of the year. The same team that won the last two divisional championships dropped to within two games of the cellar. Meanwhile, a strange thing happened in CHICAGO where the White Sox had a winning week. Joe Horlen won twice and did not walk a batter in 19½ innings, and Bill Melton took over the league home-run lead with 20. Ten have been with the bases empty, a Melton specialty that has some local was referring to him as "Napoleon Solo." And MILWAUKEE? "The worst team in 25 years," a Chicago writer said, but the Brewers' ERA is a respectable 3.05. "Pitching is 90% of the game," says Vice President Frank Lane, "and that's where our hopes lie."

OAK 58-31 KC 42-61 MINN 41-66
CAL 42-50 CHI 38-47 MIL 37-48

NL EAST PITTSBURGH won six in a row and jumped from four games ahead to a comfortable nine. Roberto Clemente raised his average to

.342, six other Pirates were batting over .300, and Willie Stargell maintained his major league home-run lead, his 30th beating the Braves. It was Stargell's 10th homer against Atlanta this year. NEW YORK was the mirror image of Pittsburgh. The Mets batted .245 for the week while dropping six in a row. But it was a streaky week everywhere. CHICAGO took four straight from the Dodgers, something the Cubs had never accomplished in Los Angeles before, and in the clubhouse after the sweep someone pointed out the team had won 24 of its last 35 games. Cheers went up until a realist mentioned that the Pirates had won 25 of 35. ST. LOUIS had lost 25 of its last 35, and Coach George Kissel suggested, "Better put some Band-aids on those sick bats." The Cards found first aid of a sort in Houston, beating the Astros four straight for their first series win since May. Deron Johnson of PHILADELPHIA hit seven home runs, three of them in one game, giving him 21 for the season. MONTREAL beat the Mets three of four, and in the last game winning pitcher Carl Morton helped himself with a home run.

PIT 57-31 NY 42-40 CHI 47-41
ST. L 48-43 PHIL 32-50 MONT 24-54

NL WEST After losing four in a row, the SAN FRANCISCO lead had shrunk to 2½ games. Then John Cumberland pitched the team's first complete-game victory in a month and, with a series win over the Dodgers, the Giants popped right back to seven in front again. LOS ANGELES hired a venerable secret weapon, 47-year-old knuckleballer Hoyt Wilhelm and sent him to Spokane to get his flutters set for the stretch run. HOUSTON won six in a row, then lost five in a row. Apparently with the Astros, pride goeth before a fall. The last win in the streak was an 18-4 rout of the Giants, a club scoring record. A 20-year-old ATLANTA shortstop named Leo Foster played in his first major league game, and he booted a grounder hit by the leadoff batter. In the fifth inning, with two on and one out he bounced into a double play. Then, in the seventh, with the game tied, Foster hit into a line-drive triple play, the first in the league this season. Said Foster of his debut: "It wasn't exactly the way I thought it would be." CINCINNATI broke a seven-game losing streak, beating the Mets 6-4 as Reliever Wayne Granger hit his first major league home run and claimed he called the shot. And what can you say about a 3-year-old baseball team that has won 33 games and lost 57? That it still tries. SAN DIEGO won four in a row, its longest streak of the season.

SP 52-36 LA 42-41 HOUS 42-44
ATL 44-48 CIN 41-31 SC 32-57

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In racing's biggest 8 out of 8 wins on



Mark Donohue in the Schaefer 500 at Pocono

July 3-The Pocono 500. Mark Donohue streaked to his first USAC victory. After leading most of the race, his car faltered and he was passed in the closing laps. Then, in a hair-raising two-lap battle, Mark regained his lead and drove the Sunoco McLaren Special to victory at an average speed of 138.649 mph.

July 4-The French Grand Prix. Five thousand miles east of Pocono, near the French Riviera, Jackie Stewart won the Grand Prix of France driving his V-8 Tyrrell-Ford. Jackie outdrove the more powerful V-12 Ferraris to extend his lead for the world driver's championship. He covered the 198.55 miles at an average speed of 111.6 mph.

July 4-The Donnybrooke Trans-Am. On Saturday he won the Pocono 500, and on Sunday Mark Donohue set a new track record by averaging 97.672 mph to win the Donnybrooke Trans-Am in his 1971 Javelin. This gave Mark his third Trans-Am win and put Javelin in the points lead.

July 4-The Daytona Firecracker 400. Bobby Isaac drove his 1971 Dodge to victory in the Firecracker 400 at an average speed of 161.947 mph.

July 4-The Daytona NASCAR GAC. On the 3.81-mile NASCAR road course at Daytona Beach, Buck Baker covered the 250 miles in his 1971 Firebird at a record-breaking average speed of 103.330 mph.

weekend— Goodyear tires



Jackie Stewart in the Grand Prix of France

July 4—The Cincinnati USAC Stock. On the ½-mile dirt oval at Cincinnati, Jack Bowsher drove his 1971 Ford USAC stocker to victory. He covered the 50 miles at an average speed of 78.261 mph.

July 4—The Toledo Firecracker 100. Tom Bowsher, Jack's brother, drove his 1971 Ford new car

stocker to victory in the A.R.C.A. Firecracker 100 on the ½-mile asphalt circuit at Toledo, Ohio.

July 5—The L&M Grand Prix. Sam Posey was the overall winner of the two 30-lap, 72-mile heats in his Formula A Surtees/Chevrolet in the SCCA-sanctioned race on the Mid-Ohio sports car course.

winners go

GOODYEAR

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Fly away on ladies' day

There was a time—25 years ago, to be precise—when women pilots were more to be pitied than censured. In fact, their first try at a pre-Derby race was scorned by that comedian-male chauvinist Will Rogers as the Powder Puff Derby and, sure enough, the name stuck. But look at the silver anniversary of the same race last week, there were nearly 300 female pilots and copilots in 35 varieties of planes zinging across 2,442.44 statute miles from Canada down to Louisiana for \$25,000 in prizes in the biggest Derby that ever took wing. And, naturally, the girls were racing for the "You've Come a Long Way, Baby" trophy.

The Powder Puff Derby is possibly the most female-oriented competition in the world. It is organized and run by

the Ninety-Nines, an international group of licensed women pilots whose first president was Amelia Earhart. And while Miss Earhart was always pictured in a flying costume of wrinkled, baggy trousers and nondescript shirts, the ladies of last week had come a long way from that, baby. There were, among the attractively costumed entrants from 36 states plus Canada, South Africa and Mexico, such flying stalwarts as a bush pilot, a pylon racer, a wing-walker, an aerobatic champion and row upon row of flying instructors. Three had raced in 19 Derbies, and one entrant, 1951 winner Claire Walters, had logged 22,000 flying hours. On the other hand, or wing, was Fran Salles of Baton Rouge, whose 230 hours barely made her eligible to compete, and who showed up with a tiny Capuchin monkey named Cherie as a copilot. Race officials, awfully touchy about their image, decided to let the monkey race only because of its sex: female.

Most of the racers went about their business very seriously; there were briefings, meteorological lectures and flight plans to file. Experts repeatedly went over the rules: first, the Derby would be a four-day, elapsed-time race from Calgary across eight states to Baton Rouge, with six designated points along the route where the fliers would descend to 200 feet and "fly by" certain towers. There were three must-stops and each of them, Rapid City, S. Dak., Lincoln, Neb., and Little Rock, Ark., had to be made before sundown. All flying was to be VFR (visual flight rules), which means no instrument flying was permitted. Finally, each plane was to be handicapped on its manufacturer's "par speed" statistics.

On takeoff morning the women were up at 4.30 and on the runway at 6, and exactly at 8 a.m. Jerry Roberts of Haddon Heights, N.J., a mother of three, gunned the engine of her Cessna 206 and took off. From that point on—to the finish in Louisiana—the race became a series of vignettes:

All men were chased off the runway by a race official. When a Virginia Slims representative proudly strolled over to look at the little plane sponsored by his cigarette company, he was summarily hounded. "But I happen to be paying a lot for this," he protested. "I know," snapped a lady. "But you are a man." He departed.

Then slender, 29-year-old Trana Jarish, brown hair halfway down her back, scooted up and down the runway, white-booted legs flashing. She was near tears. Despite her 1,000 hours in the air, she was still a woman—and she had absently locked the key to her plane door in her personal luggage, which was now on its way to Baton Rouge. Someone was called in to pick the lock. A man.

By 11:30 a.m., the 145 Powder Puff planes were up and away. They scattered quickly down the route and by sundown of the first day, race officials figured that 23 had landed for the night in Denver, six had flown further on their way to either McCook or Lincoln, Neb., 60 were staying over at Rapid City, while 56 others were sitting tight in either Great Falls or Billings, hoping to pick up predicted tailwinds to boost their speeds the next day.

By sundown of the second day eight of the planes had already flashed across the finish line at Baton Rouge's Ryan Airport. The third day brought in 79 more, some arriving in clusters, buzzing overhead like angry mosquitoes as they awaited directions from the tower.

Husbands and friends paced in the airport terminal, trading stories. "I suppose this whole Derby will look a lot different when I get the repair bills," said one bemused spouse whose wife had reported from Great Falls that there was a nick in her prop and that her compass had gone awry.

"I don't really care what Fran's standing in the race is," said Emile Salles, who was festooned with cameras and was peering wistfully at the sky, "but I wish I knew what was happening." The latest word on Fran and Cherie the monkey was that they had been delayed in Colorado with magneto trouble. "That copilot of hers is just monkeying around," somebody said. Salles didn't laugh with the others. The local paper had mistakenly reported in its morning edition that Fran was flying with a chimpanzee. "By the time she gets to the finish line it will be a gorilla," he growled.

The day before the race ended, 58 planes were still scattered at various stops along the route—and most of the waiting men had retired to the bar at The White House Inn, the official race headquarters. As near as they could tell, Marion Jayne of Palatine, Ill., had the un-



ACCOMPANIED by Capuchin Cherie, Fran Salles forgot about the gas—and lost.

continued



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official lead. But next morning it went to veteran Gini Richardson, flying in her 20th Powder Puff Derby. Soloist Gini, who has logged 19,500 flying hours and is known to be a fearsome navigational strategist, flew low for two legs, hung back in South Dakota, and then flew high the rest of the way in her 285-hp Cessna 210J.

There were other late bulletins among the men back at the bar: "She had just achieved altitude over Denver when the throttle came apart," one husband reported to another upon returning from the telephone. "Fortunately she was still over the airport. How do you like that? I just put out \$1,500 to get that crate in tip-top condition. I'd like to get her home before her prop falls off."

Next day Fran Salles came fluttering in, looking for a moment like she might taxi right into the cluster of waiting photographers and her husband. He kissed her warmly and shook his head, his eyes moist with relief.

"Honey," said Fran, while Cherie

clung to her neck and drank Pepsi-Cola out of a paper cup, "I clean forgot to check my fuel gauge before leaving McCook and they only gassed one tank, so I had to go down and get some gas." Mr. Salles turned severe: "The gas gauge was on your checklist; how could you forget a thing like that?" But Fran, small, plump and blue-eyed, went on posing for pictures with Cherie.

At 5:33 p.m., with only 27 minutes to go before the Derby officially ended on the fourth day, Pilot Sammy McKay and companion Judy Wagner, the statuesque pylon racer, buzzed past the tower to be timed, then circled and settled down on the runway. It was all over now but the waiting. Lots of waiting because the race was close. And there were a few vignettes left:

One flier had settled in Little Rock a split minute or two after the sun had officially set and, suddenly a pumpkin, had been disqualified. Another was ruled out of the race when she landed on a taxiway instead of a runway, and still an-

other, for reasons nobody could explain, had landed at Natchez and then telephoned in to withdraw.

The evening bar conversation was filled with stories—about that ground fog in Lincoln, what to wear to the banquet, and did you hear about the incident of aerial fistcuffs in that other race? Well, said Marion Jayne (who had dropped from first to fifth place), "I would never hit my copilot. But tonight I might shave her head."

As the weekend wore on, officials admitted that all the times and things being fed into a computer might be wrong. Still no certain winner. So the impatient newspapers and TV networks—correctly, as it turned out—decided that San Diego's Marian Banks, in her 16th Derby, was second, and Jan Gammell of Denver was in third place. Then they declared Gini Richardson their winner and flashed her picture across the nation. After all, baby had come too long a way to be held up by a computer that couldn't make up its mind. **END**

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HARNESS RACING / Lynn Simross

Mr. Goshen's glory week

Ralph Baldwin is one of those quiet trainers you meet so often in harness racing: he doesn't have a lot to say to people, but he sure can talk to horses. Baldwin was at his most persuasive last Thursday with a 3-year-old trotter named Circus, who came out of the green hills of Goshen, N.Y. to win the Historic Dickerson Cup and become a new contender for The Hambletonian.

It was an especially satisfying victory for Baldwin, who is in his first year as trainer for the Arden Homestead Stable of E. Roland Harriman and Elbridge T. Gerry Sr. after a decade of developing and racing horses—including Speedy Scot, the Triple Crown trotting champion of 1963—for Kentucky's Castleton Farm. And Harriman—Mr. Goshen himself—was pretty happy, too. It was Roland Harriman who preserved Historic Track for lovers of traditional racing, just as he had virtually saved the entire sport during the lean years of the Depression when he was president of the Grand Circuit.

With Grand Circuit week at Goshen clinging rather precariously to its old-shoe way of life, a home-town victory was just what was needed to insure the validity of racing there. Out of respect for Harriman and the town's rich past, the top horsemen still go to Goshen the first week in July, although many of them do not like to subject their young colts and fillies to racing in heats any more (with two or more races instead of the customary one dash) and do not bring their best. The purses are just as good or better at Pocono Downs, Sco-to Downs and Sportsman's Park, and most drivers do not like the surface of the half-mile Historic Track. "It has 999 dips and waves in it," says one well-known trainer.

But the success of Baldwin and Harriman brought no complaints. They

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began the week by receiving awards of merit at the 100th anniversary dinner of the Grand Circuit, and then went on to end a long racing drought. The day before the Dickerson cup, Arden Stable won its first Grand Circuit victory at Historic since 1968. This was the Coaching Club Trotting Oaks for 3-year-old fillies, and the winner was My Own Star, a daughter of Dartmouth. Since Arden had not taken that particular race since 1945, Harriman beamed beneath his wide-brimmed straw hat and Baldwin offered a shy smile. "Very seldom do you have such good luck at home," Baldwin said.

In the Dickerson, more than luck was involved when Baldwin took advantage of a sudden opportunity to outdrive Billy Haughton—something that does not happen very often. The first heat saw Haughton and his Star's Pride colt, Cap D'Antibes, just manage to hold off Circus at the wire. But from his vantage point behind Haughton and Cap, Baldwin discovered something.

"I noticed Billy's horse bore out a little in the stretch," he said later. "I thought I'd watch that." It paid off in the second heat. Cap hit the top of the stretch at a good clip, with Circus close behind, but sure enough, Cap began to bear out. Baldwin slipped through on the rail to win by a length in 2:01 1/2 and tie the track record for 3-year-old trotters set by Duke Rodney in 1961.

"I didn't think he was ready for that," said Baldwin, explaining that Circus was lightly raced last year and had started only three times this season, finishing first at Vernon and fourth at Montreal and Saratoga.

With a third heat of the Dickerson still to come, Baldwin sweet-talked Circus while Haughton had Cap looked at by the track veterinarian. What the vet found—fatigue from the 93° heat—caused Haughton to scratch, so all Circus had to do was trot around the track to be declared the winner. "I felt a little silly out there alone," said Baldwin. Even though he knew he could have broken a world record for three heats if he had gone in 2:10 1/2, Baldwin declined and took little more than a jog at 2:26. "If it were late in the fall I would have tried for the record," he said, "but it's too early in the season." Besides that, Baldwin is talking Hambletonian now, and come Sept. 1 at DuQuoin, Circus is sure to be listening.

END

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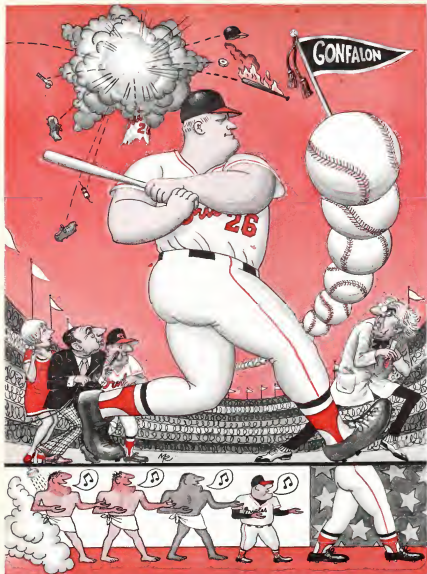
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MONTGOMERY
WARD





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Book and Lyrics by

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Characters

BOOG POWELL, *Baltimore Oriole star, the most feared slugger in baseball*

BOOG POWELL, *the robot*

BEANO BRAMPSON, *manager of the Orioles*

THE SCIENTIST, *who is mad*

MRS. BOOG POWELL, *who doesn't understand*

And

The Baltimore Oriole Chorus

Scientist's aides

Howard Cosell of ABC sports

The Bat Boy

Sportswriters

Musical Numbers

- Act One**
1. WHY, BOOG, THAT'S WHO! THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE CHORUS
 2. WE CAN LOSE THE PENNANT . . . BEANO BRAMPSON

- Act Two**
1. HAS OUR LOVE STRUCK OUT? MRS. BOOG POWELL
 2. THE WHO AM I SONG THE SCIENTIST

- Act Three**
1. NOBODY LOVES A ROBOT THE BOOG POWELL ROBOT
 2. DEAR DOCTOR MONSTER-MAKER THE SCIENTIST
 3. WE'RE ALL ROBOTS BEANO BRAMPSON
 4. WHY, BOOG, THAT'S WHO! (*Reprise*) BOOG POWELL AND CHORUS



Boog!

Act One

(Orchestra swells into the overture and the curtain goes up on a locker-room set. At right, players are showering—actually naked, of course—and at left, seated in front of their lockers, other players are toweling themselves dry, kicking into their slacks, combing their hair, tying ties. Seated on the long bench alone at center is a huge, blond, handsome man. He is still in his Baltimore Oriole uniform, still wearing his first-baseman's glove. His feet are splayed out and he is staring, bemused, into the audience. He nods and smiles absently as teammates stroll by and put him on the back. He is obviously pleased with the day: he makes no move to get out of his uniform. Hanging against the wall in the background is a "Boog Powell for President" banner.

Two teammates step out of the shower, glistening wet, towels wrapped around their waists. They move to center and stand slightly behind the big man, one to each side. Player on right reaches over and slaps the big man on the back.)

FIRST PLAYER—Ain't boy, Boog!

SECOND PLAYER—You done it again, Boog! *(He turns to the men in the showers.)* Didn't he do it again, you guys?
SHOWER CHORUS—Great, Boog! Yeah! Way to go!

(Music up. Both players step around front and sing.)

FIRST PLAYER—WHEN YOU'VE LOST IT IN THE SUN...

SECOND PLAYER—AND THEY SCORE ANOTHER RUN...

FIRST PLAYER—THAT PUTS THEM IN THE LEAD LIKE THREE TO TWO...

SECOND PLAYER—WHO IS THERE AT THAT PLATE...

FIRST PLAYER—HITTING ABSOLUTELY GREAT! WHY...

CHORUS—BOOG! BOOG! POWELL, THAT'S WHO! WHEN YOU NEED A QUICK SCORE...

FIRST PLAYER—OR MAYBE THREE!

SECOND PLAYER—OR MAYBE FOUR!

CHORUS—WHO BELTS 'EM IN? I ASK YOU: WHO?

BOOG—BOOG OOI! *(He flashes a bit at this touch of conceit, then shrugs.)*
YES, BOOG! THAT'S WHO!

(Chorus comes out of the showers and swings into the "Beautiful Baltimore Ballet" swirling Oriole towels, pirouetting, filling the stage with wet extracurriculars. They are all waving the towels, all naked, when Manager Beans Brampson strides in. He is a very small man smoking a big cigar.)
(Music stops, suddenly.)

BRAMPSON—All right, all right! Knock it off. We ain't won the pennant yet. Stop that dancing. Turn in them towels. Everybody get dressed. Come on! FIRST PLAYER—*(Takes off his towel and hands it over, but remains discreetly hidden behind the seated man.)* But we're flying high, chief. The best early-season record ever and...

SECOND PLAYER—We're practically in, chief. As good as in already!

(Brampson looks sourly at each player in turn as they stand around him. He starts to pace, puffing heavily on his cigar. Finally he turns, facing the audience, hands on hips, and sings.)

BRAMPSON—LISSEN! I LOVE THIS HERE GAME, BUT IT'S SURE A DAMN SHAME THAT I'M STUCK WITH THIS CONFIDENT LOT.

CHORUS—*(Softly)* WHAT?

BRAMPSON—LOT. AND, LISSEN, YOU GUYS, YOU HAD BETTER GET WISE FOR A PENNANT CAN JUST SLEEP AWAY...

CHORUS—*(Reproachfully)* HEY!

BRAMPSON—NOW, TAKE THE TIGERS OR THE SOX...

CHORUS—AW, WE'LL GIVE THEM SOME KNOCKS!

BRAMPSON—... OR THE YANKS COULD WIN IT! (AND CLEVELAND'S STILL IN IT, WHY, EVEN THOSE TEDDY BOYS COULD TURN ROUGH AND READY BOYS, SO SHAPE UP, WE CAN STILL LOSE THE GONFALON, (AND THE SERIES WOULD GO ON WITH-OUT US! WHY, IF WE BLOW JUST A FEW...

CHORUS—WHICH WE NEVER WILL DO
BRAMPSON—WE'D BE OUT OF THAT BIG TV SHOW...

CHORUS—NO!

BRAMPSON—SO STOP THIS HERE DANCING, GET DRESSED UP AND REST UP, FOR WE GO ON THE ROAD TONIGHT...

CHORUS—RIGHT!

BRAMPSON—AND IF YOU CLOWNS SHOUL'D FAIL ME, (THE OWNERS WILL NAIL ME, (AND *(He gestures to-*

ward the chorus) ALL YOU SMILING FEY SHINERS WILL BE BACK IN THE MINORS—NOW NO MORE CLAIR DE LUNE OR I'LL CALL BOWIE KUHN.)
GET ON THE BUS THAT'S OUT THERE, BE READY, BUT BEWARE! AND...

(His voice trails off as he shoots the players to their lockers. They all dress quickly and leave the room. Brampson now turns to Boog, who is still seated on the bench, smiling dreamily. The manager stands beside him, one hand on Powell's shoulder.)

BRAMPSON—Good game, champ.

BOOG—Aw, I was just lucky, chief.

BRAMPSON—No. You saved us again, Booger, my boy.

BOOG—*(Slamming his fist into his glove.)* What am I hating now, chief?

BRAMPSON—*(Pulls a slip of paper from his rear pocket and studies it.)* Well, I reckon after today's homers it's about four-fifty-six.

BOOG—*(Impressed)* Four-fifty-six! Imagine! *(He shakes his head.)* Anybody ever bat five hundred, chief? Really?

BRAMPSON—*(Pats him fondly on the shoulder.)* Only God can bat five hundred, son. Only God.

BOOG—*(Nods and sighs.)* Well, I guess it's about time to get going.

BRAMPSON—Right, son. Would you like the team to wait while you shower?

BOOG—*(Drops his first-baseman's glove and stands up, towering hugely over the manager.)* No, chief. I think I'll just wear my uniform right on the bus. I really love this uniform.

(Lights fade as they walk off. The manager, in a somewhat self-conscious attempt



at a fatherly gesture, reaches up to put one arm around Boog. He finds that he is far too short, he has to settle for one enormous thigh. So they stroll offstage that way)

(Stage is dark for a moment. Then, faintly at the rear, the audience can see shadowy figures emerging through a back door. A spotlight picks them out. A ferret-faced man comes to stage center, looks about nervously, then gestures. Two more men join him. They are laboring under the weight of a gigantic package. All three pause, listening)

FIRST MAN—They've gone. Put it down.

(The men gently lower the package to the floor, standing it upright)

FIRST MAN—All right, hurry!

(The men tug away the wrappings. And there—standing alone, fully dressed in a Baltimore Oriole uniform—is Boog Powell. The figure does not move, it staves, bemused, at the audience. Gradually the audience becomes aware that this is not Boog Powell at all. It is an effigy, a statue. The first man inspects it carefully, then steps back from the massive figure, nodding approval)

FIRST MAN—Perfect. Just perfect.

SECOND MAN—(Shrugs) Well, it's O.K., if you like that sort of thing. It's sure the biggest damn doll I ever saw.

FIRST MAN—(Shocked) Doll? A doll? You dummy? How many times do I have to tell you? This is no doll. This is a robot! The Boog Powell robot!

SECOND MAN—(Abashed) I'm sorry. I keep forgetting.

FIRST MAN—Well, watch it. Now, go and check on the bus. And hurry.

(Second man tiptoes to the door, looks out. He turns and winks at the other two)

SECOND MAN—Pssst! He's coming back; you guys all set?

(The first man reaches inside the robot's uniform shirt and punches the activator-switch, roughly in the area of the belly button. The robot comes to life and shakes itself, flexing its arms and legs)

FIRST MAN—(To the robot) You all right, Boog?

ROBOT—Hmmm?

FIRST MAN—(Stamps his foot in anger)

Boog, Boog! Remember, you are Boog Powell, the Baltimore Oriole first baseman. The most feared slugger in baseball! Now, all your information has been carefully programmed into you. Pay attention to me.

ROBOT—(Nodding thoughtfully) Right, Right, master. I am Boog Powell, the most feared slugger in baseball. And I'm all set, master.

SECOND MAN—Pssst! Here he comes.

(The three men jump out of sight behind the lockers as the door opens and Boog Powell walks in. He is looking at the floor, muttering to himself)

BOOG—Hmmm. That's funny. I thought I dropped it. . . .

(The robot stoops and picks up the baseball glove and hands it to Powell. Boog nods his thanks and turns to go. Then he pauses for a long moment, staring out at the audience. Slowly, he pivots on his big feet and looks back at the robot)

BOOG—Wh . . . uh-hh. Who are you?

ROBOT—Hi there, sports fan. I'm Boog Powell of the Orioles. (Holds out one hand) I don't believe I caught your name? BOOG—Hi there, yourself. My name is . . . uh-hh. Well, my name is . . . wait a minute! I'm Boog Powell!

ROBOT—Not anymore, sir.

(As he speaks, the men leap out suddenly behind Powell, one of them swinging a squinted blackjack. He raps Powell on the head and the big man sinks to the floor, still looking puzzled)

FIRST MAN—(To the robot) Go on! Hurry up! Get out there and board the bus. Now, you know what you are programmed to do, right?

ROBOT—(Sliding for the door) Right, I know.

(Robot paws at the door)

ROBOT—Uh-hh, just one more thing. . . .

FIRST MAN—(Struggling with the automaton figure; he looks up in irritation) Now what?

ROBOT—What am I hitting?

FIRST MAN—Hitting?

ROBOT—Hitting. You know: What's my batting average?

FIRST MAN—(Shaking his head) I don't know. Mmm. Four-fifty-something. Who cares? Now get!

ROBOT—(Shakes his head) Huh. Four-fifty-something. Imagine! Boy, it's a real shame to have to ruin a batting average like that. I'd like to try for five hundred. But I understand only. . . .

(He steps out the door and it hinges shut behind him. As the lights dim, we hear the sound of a bus starting up)

CURTAIN

Act Two

(Spotlight picks up a man seated at a desk in front of the curtain. It is Television Sports Commentator Howard Costell and he is talking into a microphone)

COSTELL— . . . and that, in brief is the situation. Now for a look at the world of baseball. And, naturally, the world of baseball—especially Baltimore's world of baseball—is talking about the terrible transformation in slugger star Boog Powell. Boog isn't slugging anymore; his average has dropped from four-fifty-six to two-thirteen. Manager Beano Brampson says, and I quote: He don't seem like the same guy, unquote. A state of gloom has fallen on the Oriole squad, that happy crew that once looked certain to seize the coveted gonfalon. Club insiders told this reporter exclusively that Boog has grown sullen and uncommunicative and that . . .

(Blackout)

(Curtain up on a split-stage setting. At left is a laboratory setup: stainless steel counters, bottles, vials, bubbling things. There is a cage in the center of the floor. Boog Powell is inside the cage, his hands gripping the bars. At right is a living room scene: a couch, coffee table, big oil painting of an Oriole on one wall, a Barcalounger. The robot Boog Powell is sprawled on the Barcalounger, tilted back, staring at the ceiling, totally relaxed. The action will now move from one stage setting to the other; lights direct the audience's attention)

(Stage left: the lab door opens and the ferret-faced man enters. Now he is dressed in a scientist's white smock. He routinely checks some of the bubbling containers, nods in satisfaction, then steps over toward the cage. He is careful not to get too close. As he approaches, Boog reaches through the bars in a vain attempt to grab him, but the Scientist dances nimbly out of reach)

continued

Boog!

BOOG—If I could just lay my hands on you!

SCIENTIST—(Admonishingly) Alas! ah! None of that, my pretty specimen.

BOOG—(Appearing now, hands out) Why are you keeping me here? Why am I a prisoner? What's going on here, anyway? I want out! I must get back to the team. The team needs me!

(Lights out on stage left, up on stage right. The robot Boog Powell continues to be motionless in the lounge, whistling softly. A pretty woman enters the living room. She is quite obviously nervous, running the palms of her hands along the front of her dress. She pauses uncertainly, watching Boog warily. Then she squares her shoulders and speaks.)

WOMAN—Uh, Boog, dear. . .

BOOG—(Not moving) Hmmm?

WOMAN—Well, I thought . . . mmm, well, I wondered if . . . well, it's just that I would like to speak to you about something.

BOOG—Mmmm.

WOMAN—(Bursts all out bravely) Boog, it's about us.

BOOG—Uh huh.

WOMAN—(Takes a few tentative steps toward him) Well, Boog, well, it's like this: you've . . . you've changed. You're not my Boogie of old. (She inches a bit closer; Boog does not move)

BOOG—Uh huh.

WOMAN—(She reaches out one trembling hand and touches his hair. No reaction from the reclining figure, so she moves half a step closer) Well, look. I know you're upset about your slump and all. But golly, Boogie, I . . .

BOOG—(Turns his head slightly and looks at her) I am not upset about my batting. In fact, I am hitting what I expected to hit.

WOMAN—(Fondly, not really listening to him) You know, Boog, you used to like it when I ran my fingers through your hair. . .

(Music up, softly)

BOOG—(Unmoved) I can't feel a thing.

(Music up full and the little woman comes to stage center and in a pink spotlight sings)

WOMAN—IS IT ME: OH, CAN IT TRULY BE/THAT OUR LOVE HAS STRUCK OUT;/FOR MY HEART IS A OWELLER;/IN LIFE'S BIG LEAGUE CELLAR./OH, BOOGIE WHEN YOU WERE BACK IN THE MINORS,/AND WE ATE A LOT AT DINERS, WELL . . . /WE WERE CLOSER, GAYER, FESTIVE,/BUT NOW YOU'VE GROWN RESTIVE./OH, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT HITTING,/AND I DON'T MIND ADMITTING/THAT I WORRY. I DO, BOOG BUT STILL,/WHERE OH WHERE IS THAT OLD THRILL?/REMEMBER, TRUE LOVE NEVER WEARIES,/EVEN WHEN WE MISS THE SERIES? OH, BOOG,/LOOK AT ME I'M YOUR WIFE, I'M ALIVE!/NOW WHY ARE MY KISSES OH FOR FIVE?

(Music down. Lights out on stage right and up again on stage left. The Scientist is pouring a smoking mixture from one tumbler to another. Nearby, Boog Powell is pacing inside his cage. Finally, he comes over to the bars)

BOOG—Who are you, anyway?

SCIENTIST—(Puts down a vat and looks at Boog Powell. Then he moves to center) Who am I? Who am I?

(Music up, softly)

BOOG—Yes, who are you?

SCIENTIST—(Sadly, head down) They say I am mad; a scientist gone wild. But they're all wrong, of course. I just want recognition, that's all. I want the adoration that Jonas Salk got. Or De Bakey; he just transplants hearts, for heaven's sake. I have a much greater invention and nobody will listen. Why, I create machines that look and act like people, but. . .

(Music up, full. The Scientist now strides to the front of the stage and sings)

SCIENTIST—THEY LAUGHED AT MY HUMAN MACHINES/MADE OUT OF PLASTICIZED GENES/AND WORSE, THEY SAID I COULDN'T BUILD A ROBOT/THAT COULD DO ALMOST AS MUCH AS GOD WROUGHT./WHY HIM LAUGHED AT ME,/AT ME, THE GENTLE INVENTOR,/AND I WAS BANNEO FROM THE UNIVAC CENTER./IMAGINE! I HAD ONLY THE FINEST INTENTIONS/WITH MY WALKING AND TALKING INVENTIONS!/BUT, NO, I

WAS THRUST FROM THE SCIENCE COMMUNITY. . .

BOOG—(Joining the song) WITH IMPUNITY!

SCIENTIST—(Wheels and points at him) AH HAH! EVEN YOU SCORN ME,/AS MY FELLOW LAUREATES HAVE SHORN ME/OF HONORS! BUT NOW I'LL FIX ALL YOU CRITICS,/ALL YOU DOUBTING, MENTAL ARTHRITIS./ (He points dramatically at Boog) FOR I'VE BUILT A ROBOT LIKE YOU/WHO CAN HIT—AND PLAY FIRST BASE, TOO!

BOOG—LIKE ME?

SCIENTIST—YOU'LL SEE! HE'S PROGRAMMED TO BAT WHAT I OGTATE,/EVEN BUNT OR SLIDE. . .

BOOG—INTO HOME PLATE?

SCIENTIST—EXACTLY! I'LL CREATE A NEW RACE OF MY OWN/AND RULE THE WHOLE WORLD ALONE./I CAN COPY THE MUSCLES/AND BUILD SIXTY BILL RUSSELLS/OR A NAMATH OR, IF YOU'RE NOT CHOOSY,/A BIGGER BOB COUSY!

BOOG—OH SWELL!

SCIENTIST—WELL, HELL! THE WAY TO CAPTURE THE WORLD, IN SHORT,/IS TO TAKE OVER ITS NATIONAL SPORT./THEN THEY'LL HIEO ME./THEN THEY'LL NEED ME./IMAGINE!/I'LL SEND A TALL ROBOT IN FOR. . .

BOOG—THE REALLEW ALCOHOL!

SCIENTIST—OR SHOOT POOL AT THE AMBASSADOR. . .

BOOG—WITH A PLASTIC WIMPY LASSITER!

SCIENTIST—WHY NOT? I CAN SUB FOR CORNELL GREEN/WITH A VERY MEAN MACHINE./BUT FOR NOW MY BOOG POWELL COPY/MUST TAKE TO PLAYING SLOPPY./HE'LL RUIN BALTIMORE'S BIG GAME. . .

BOOG—FOR SHAME!

SCIENTIST—HE'LL DRAG THE TEAM IN THE OIRT.

BOOG—I'M HURT!

SCIENTIST—AND THEN IT WILL BE MY CHOICE, MY DEARIES,/AS TO WHO PLAYS IN THE SERIES./I CAN MANIPULATE ALL THE TEAMS/AND SHATTER THE NATION'S DREAMS. BOOG—IT ALL SOUNDS PRETTY ORASTIC. . .

SCIENTIST—WITH MY PLAYERS MADE OF PLASTIC/AND IF YOU'VE EVER WON OEREO/IF YOU'LL EVER BAT FIVE HUNDRED,/I FEEL I MUST SAY /NO WAY! NO, NOT WHILE YOU'RE IN MY CAGE./FOR I'M FILLED WITH

enraged

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Boog!

MY OWN RAGE, / AND LET . . . YES,
LET THE WORLD OUT THERE HOWL.
BOOG AND SCIENTIST—*(In harmony)*
WHERE, OH, WHERE, IS OUR BOOG
POWELL?

(Music down. The two men face each other. Then Boog, who has been clutching the bars of the cage, slumps and turns away. The Scientist goes back to his test tubes, leaning wearily)

(Lights out on stage left and the spotlight comes up on stage right. The robot is still slumped in the Barcelonaer. The little woman is standing, hesitantly, a few paces away. She finally summons up the courage to speak)

WOMAN—Boogie, dear?

BOOG—Mmmmm?

WOMAN—Boog, do you still love me?

BOOG—I told you, I told you, I don't feel a thing.

CURTAIN

Act Three

(Curtains closed, two pencil spotlights beam against the corners of the darkened stage, encircling two faces. At stage left is the Scientist. At stage right is Boog Powell. Each is holding a telephone)

SCIENTIST—I told you never to call me here.

BOOG—Well, I've got to talk to somebody.

SCIENTIST—Robots don't have to talk to anybody! Robots just have to do what they're programmed to do.

BOOG—But nobody on the team will speak to me.

SCIENTIST—*(Dryly)* Wonderful.

BOOG—And I've torn Boog's batting average down to point one fifty-three. The Orioles are going to lose the pennant if we keep this up, you know.

SCIENTIST—I know, I know. It's my plan. I've got to ruin the Orioles if I'm going to save the world.

BOOG—Well, anyway, how's Boog?

SCIENTIST—Boog who?

BOOG—Boog Boog. Who do you think? I mean, how is he taking all of this? Golly, it must be tough, seeing his dreams shattered and . . .

SCIENTIST—Tough on him? Dreams shattered? Listen to me, you dummy. What kind of talk is this? Robots can't feel anything, do you understand? Robots are made of little wires and tubes and batteries—transistorized bits and pieces. Plastic, for God's sake. Robots are . . . Boog—Oh, I know, I know. Robots are just machines to you. You Frankenstein. Why . . .

SCIENTIST—Stein. Stein, for chrissakes.

BOOG—Stein?

SCIENTIST—Frankenstein. Get it right, dummy.

BOOG—Well, never mind. Anyway, I could save the team if you'd let me. I could bat five hundred; boy, I could hit a million just like that. I've got steely sinews in my forearms and . . .

SCIENTIST—*(Dryly again)* I know what you've got in your forearms.

BOOG—Well, anyway . . .

SCIENTIST—Well what?

BOOG—Well, what I called about is, couldn't you maybe let the Orioles win the pennant and you still rule the world?

SCIENTIST—I told you, no.

BOOG—*(Mimicking him)* I told you, no. *(Changes voice)* Tell me that part again, George. Duhhh, tell me the part about the rabbits and how you save the world, George.

SCIENTIST—*(Shouting into phone)* Now stop that! Don't get smart with me! Don't show off your taped literary knowledge with me. I was the one who programmed you, remember? I mean, don't give me any of the Steinbaum garbage.

BOOG—Steinbeck.

SCIENTIST—I said never mind! Now, I'll tell you just one more time. If I destroy the Baltimore Orioles, then the world will believe me. He who controls the Destiny of Baseball controls the world. Got that?

BOOG—*(Sighs resignedly)* Yes, but . . .

SCIENTIST—No buts. Now get back to work and strike out. And keep right on striking out until I turn you off.

(Music up and curtains open. It is the locker-room set. At right, players are showering—actually naked, of course—and at left, seated in front of their lockers, other players are ironing themselves dry, kicking into their socks, combing their hair, tying ties. But all is silence, gloom. In the background, the "Boog Powell for President" banner has been ripped apart; both halves are hanging

down limply in disgrace. The door now opens and Boog Powell enters. Music up. Powell looks around, smiling tentatively. A few teammates brush rudely past him, not looking at him. He moves to speak to one, and the man turns his back and walks away. Boog circles the room, alone; everybody studiously avoids his glance. Boog comes forward to stage center. He sings, forlornly)

BOOG—WHEN YOU'VE LOST IT IN THE
SUN . . .

(Nobody joins in)

BOOG—AND THEY SCORE ANOTHER
RUN . . .

(Silence from the showers)

BOOG—THAT PUTS THEM IN THE LEAD
LIKE THREE TO TWO, WHO IS
THERE AT THAT PLATE . . .

(Silence)

BOOG—HITTING, UHH, ABSOLUTELY
GREAT! WHY . . .

(The door opens and Beau Brumpton comes in. He takes the cigar out of his mouth and stares hard at Boog)

BRUMPTON—Aw, knock it off, Mister Powell.

CURTAIN

(Pencil spotlight beams down on the center of the closed curtains. Boog Powell comes out, still in his Oriole uniform. He is carrying a huge bat and a bucket of Styrofoam baseballs. He pats the bucket, picks out a ball. He looks at it for a long moment, then tosses it up and hits it into the balcony. He hits another ball, and then another. Boog now sings, punctuating his song by bating the foam baseballs into the audience)

BOOG—I COULD BAT FIVE HUNDRED
IF HE'D LET ME . . .

(Whap!)

BUT WHAT WOULD IT EVER GET ME?
WHY, WITH MY ARMS CHOCK-FULL
OF STEEL . . .

(Whap!)

I FEEL ALMOST REAL . . .

(Whap!)

BUT . . . BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT!
NO ONE LOVES A POOR ROBOT!
(Whap!)

continued

Boog!

STILL... IMAGINE WHAT IF SOMEWHERE IN MY MAKEUP, MY ELECTRONIC, TRANSISTORIZED, MOTORIZED TAKEUP, WHAT IF, LIKE A LUMP OF PLASTICIZED COAL...
(Whap!)

I HAD A SOUL! THEN THERE'D BE, WELL, YOU KNOW, CHEERS, (AND THE BOYS AND I COULD GO OUT FOR BEERS) 'GEE, I WONDER WHAT BEER TASTES LIKE. OR A HOT DOG. OR PEANUTS. OR KISSES...
(Whap!)

FROM BOOG POWELL'S MISSILE!

(Whap!)

OH I KNOW IT'S MY FATE TO DIS-INTEGRATE...

(Whap!)

BUT, BUT... WAIT!

(Boog puts down the bat and leans against it in a typical batting posture as he looks out at the audience. Music down, violins up, as he talks out the rest of the song)

BOOG—But, wait! I wonder if... well, I wonder if I couldn't rebel. What the hell! I know it's fantastic for a man made of plastic. But a robot can take only so much. What made America great? Science? None such. What made America fine and clean and pure and strong? Electronics? Wrong! What made America great, all you people out there? It was...

(Dramas. Switch to "Barle Hysw of the Republic")

BOOG—... baseball! That sharp, clean crack of the bat against horsehide! The throaty roar of that crowd. Out loud! The sandlot! The homer! Sinking them out! Belting them in! Sliding home! Running for first! The double, the triple—Tinkers to Evers to Franks... uh, Chance! Baseball! Your game, out there! You hear? Why, it's Dad and Son and it's the Seventh Inning Stretch; it's beer in a waxed-paper cup. The slanting sunshine across the bleachers, etching stark patterns in the infield. The pitcher tugging at the bill of his cap, waiting for the signal. The crowd tensing as he winds up! He delivers! It's a morality play! Why, it's life! It's love! It's America...

(Roll of drums)

AND THERE AT THAT PLATE, (AND HITTING JUST GREAT, IS... IS, BOOG POWELL IT'S ME! IT'S ME, BUT, GEE / YOU SEE THERE'S NO ROOM IN THAT SCENE FOR ME, A MACHINE / STILL...

(Violins up)

(He comes to a decision and snaps his fingers)

I will... By God, I will!

(Blackout)

(Curtains open on a split-stage set. At left is the laboratory. At right is the dugout of the Baltimore Orioles. The players are sitting inside ghedly, watching the action on the field, offstage. Manager Branno Branson is pacing restlessly in front of the bench, an ash cigar in his mouth, his hands jammed into the pockets of his warmup jacket. There is a sudden sharp, clean crack of bat against ball and a throaty roar from the crowd. Branson and the players arch their necks and their eyes follow the imaginary flight of a baseball hit into the outfield. Some of the players come off the bench. Then they settle back.)

BRANSON—Well, fine. Just fine. We finally got a man on base. Imagine that. First time in a week.

(Lights out on right and up on left, the laboratory. Boog Powell is pacing inside his cage, pounding his fist into one hand. He looks up as the door opens. It is Boog Powell, in the Oriole uniform. He glances around the room quickly, then hurries up to the cage.)

BOOG—Shhh!

BOOG—What do you mean: Shhh? Just who are you?

BOOG—Never mind who I am. Are you all right?

BOOG—I guess so; I'm pretty weak. I'd feel a lot better if I was out of here.

BOOG—Shhh! You're weak, you say? Are you strong enough to go to bat?

BOOG—(Flexing his arm) I don't think so. I've been cooped up too long.

BOOG—But the Orioles need you!

BOOG—Well, I can hardly pick up a bat. But if the team needs me...

BOOG—Wait a minute. I've got an idea. Now then. Here's my plan...

(Lights out on left, up on right, the dugout. There is another sharp, clean crack and Manager Branson, who has been pawing one toe in the dirt, looks up in surprise. The players come to the edge of the dugout and gaze offstage at the field)

BRANSON—Well, look at that! Now we've got a man on first and a man on second! And nobody out. If I only had someone who could drive them in.

(He turns and looks at the line of Baltimore players in the dugout. They all avert their eyes)

(Lights out on right, up on left. The Scientist walks to the laboratory, whistling merrily. He checks his bubbling nab, nodding in satisfaction. Then he glances over at the cage. A look of anguish comes over his face as he notices the cage is empty, its door swinging open. Then he sees there is a note taped to the door. He snatches it from the bars and moves to stage center, reading. Music up. The Scientist turns pacer, ringing aloud from the note)

SCIENTIST—DEAR MAD DOCTOR MONSTER-MAKER / YOU POOR, MISGUIDED MOVER AND SHAKER, / YOU CREATED A ROBOT TO DO YOUR BIDDING, / TO RUIN THE ORIOLES, WHY, ARE YOU KIDDING? / BENEATH THIS RUBBERIZED PLASTIC COVERING, / A MAGNAVONX SOUL IS ALIVE AND HOVERING. / POOR MAN, POWER IS YOUR ONLY AIM, / WHILE AS FOR ME, IT'S THE OLD BALL GAME! / I'M STRONG, I'M LOOSE, I'M FREE TO GROWL! / AND NOW I'VE KIDNAPPED THE REAL BOOG POWELL! / SO RAISE YOUR GLASS IN A TOAST TO ME, / YOU DRINK WINE, I'LL HAVE STE!

(Music down. The Scientist crumples the note and throws it aside, angrily)

SCIENTIST—Hmmmph. It looks like I've done my job too well! My very own monster has turned on me. But I'll fix his clock! He's smart, sure, because I've made him that way. He doesn't know that I have the final control over him...

(He stalks to the counter and spins some dials on a radio apparatus. He checks the gauges as they swing up to power)

SCIENTIST—The bomb will do it! Heh heh! I was afraid something like this

might happen. I've planted a bomb inside his belly. That rascal! I can control it, too! I can detonate it any time I want. I can blow him apart—blow up the entire Oriole club. They won't cross me. I'll still rule the world!

(Lights out on left, up on right, as Manager Bruno Brampson stands in an attitude of total surprise, looking up in the air. In the dugout the Orioles are all half-standing in amazement, watching a ball bouncing high off home plate offstage)

BRAMPSON—Another hit! A Baltimore chop! A single! How about that! Now the bases are loaded. We actually have the bases loaded! I can't believe it. Just one hit now and maybe, oh maybe, we'll break this slump. We'll be the Orioles of old—champions, that's what. But who is . . . *(He turns to the Bat Boy)* . . . who is up next?

BAT BOY—*(Nervously)* Mister Boog Powell, sir.

BRAMPSON—*(In disgust)* Mister Powell? Mister Powell? Are you trying to tell me that now—when I've got the bases loaded and two men out, when my keen manager's mind tells me that the entire season is hanging in the balance—are you trying to tell me that Boog Powell is up? Old No-Hit Powell? Old Marshmallow-Bat? Is that what you're trying to tell me?

BAT BOY—It's your batting order, sir. BRAMPSON—Never mind that. Get me a pinch hitter.

(In the dugout the players all avert their eyes. A few look at the ceiling. All are embarrassed, nobody volunteers)

BRAMPSON—Well, come on. Come on! Who is going to get in there and hit for Powell?

BAT BOY—Uh, sir, . . .

BRAMPSON—What is it?

BAT BOY—Well, couldn't you maybe give Mister Powell just one more chance? I know he hasn't been. . . .

BRAMPSON—Hasn't been? Why, he has ruined this whole team, that's what he "hasn't been." I'm through with Mister Powell! I've given him his last chance. And that's final. Get me a pinch hitter. Somebody. Anybody. Get in there and hit yourself. Get the trainer. Get the janitor. Anybody.

(Soft roll of drums and a "rag" on

the triangle. Out of the darkness of the dugout, Boog Powell steps forward. He stands stiffly, expressionless, towering hugely over Manager Brampson. His sleeves are pushed up on the massive, muscular arms and they glint like shiny steel. He is swinging a gigantic sequined bat, whose every move gives off little diamond-bursts of light)

BOOG—*(Rumblingly)* Well, here I am. BRAMPSON—So?

BOOG—I am ready to bat in my accustomed spot.

BRAMPSON—In a word: no.

BOOG—*(Firmly, steelily-voiced)* I can do it, sir.

BAT BOY—The crowd is starting to holler, sir. And. . . .

(A shower of beer cups, candy wrappers and programs flutters in from the wings. A few seat cushions follow, plus a pop bottle and Cracker Jack boxes. There is a hail of peanuts)

BRAMPSON—*(Watering)* Well, I don't know. . . .

BOOG—I can do it.

BRAMPSON—O.K., O.K. Get in there.

(He turns his back in disgust and kicks at a beer cup as Boog moves away)

CURTAIN

(Pencil spotlight beams against the closed curtains and picks out the face of TV Announcer Costell. The spotlight widens and we see that Costell is seated in a glass-fronted press box, looking down at the field and speaking into a microphone)

COSTELL— . . . and the count is now one ball and two strikes on Boog Powell. What a shame! What a tragedy for the Orioles: the bases are loaded, with Boog Powell, of all people, at the plate. It is this reporter's opinion, based on long experience, that Boog Powell is washed up. This reporter feels exclusively that never—in his long and colorful career as a sportscaster—has he seen such a terminal slump. This reporter feels. . . .

(Costell stops talking suddenly and half-raises from his seated position. He presses his nose against the glass, looking up)

COSTELL—My God! I mean, goodness gracious! Wow! It is a towering, gigantic,

monster hit! Good heavens! It is an enormous hit! A four-master! A grand-slammer! Ladies and gentlemen, this is the greatest hit that this reporter has ever seen! It is up, up and it is sailing toward the outfield stands! My God! It is going over the stands! Wow. Someone check that distance for this reporter. What is the distance? Now, hurry! You say it's five-hundred-eighty to the stands? My goodness! The ball is still going. This reporter has never seen anything like it . . . not in all his long, colorful years of . . . wow! The ball went over the stands, as this reporter said. It is going to clear the far parking lot easily. It is still climbing. Still climbing. *(Whips out binoculars)* It is . . . this reporter has now lost sight of the ball in the clouds! It is out of sight!

(Pencil spotlight out)

(Curtain rises on the locker-room scene. It is a howling madhouse, jammed with a surging throng of people. There are half-dressed ballplayers lurching about gleefully: some in towels, some in just their playing socks, others wearing just their caps. Sportswriters are scurrying through the crowd, press cards stuck in their husbands; flashbulbs are flickering. Television cameras busily try to follow the action. Manager Bruno Brampson, wearing just his Oriole uniform shirt, which hangs down below his knees, is staggering about happily, lighted cigar clenched in his mouth. Behind him, the "Boog Powell for President" banner has been re-

continued



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Boog!

stored. At the music fades, Brampson is trying to explain the past several weeks to some audience)

BRAMPSON—... and as I said, as I said, you guys, that first grand-slam home run was hit so far that the ball came down in a potato field outside Philadelphia, And...

SPORTSWRITER—And then what about that next one?

BRAMPSON—(Bramping) Why, his next home run smashed the window of a delicatessen in Chevy Chase. And you know how far that is? Why...

SPORTSWRITER—And then the other two homers right after that went even farther. One landed in the upstairs bathroom of a house in Pittsburgh! And another one went all the way to...

BRAMPSON—(Slyly wadding the sports-writer in the ribs) I'll say! And the lady of the house was taking a bath at the time! Sploosh! Boy, talk about outfield! SPORTSWRITER—His last three home-run balls have never been found, right? They could be in orbit!

COSELL—(Sliding up with a microphone) And tell our ABC audience out there, Mister Brampson. It is the opinion of this reporter that...

BRAMPSON—(Jerkng his thumb in a familiar gesture) Somebody throw this bum outta here.

(Cosell is thrust back into the throng. Just then, all fall silent and all heads swing toward the door. There is the heavy clump of giant footsteps offstage)

BRAMPSON—Wait a minute, everybody. Here he comes!

(The door opens and Boog Powell strides in. He is carrying three bats over his shoulder, all encrusted with diamonds and rubies, glinting in the light. He waves the bats over his head as the team surges forward to engulf him. In another moment he emerges on their shoulders, hawking along awkwardly, ducking his head to avoid the ceiling)

BRAMPSON—Our hero!

CHORUS—For he's a jowly good fellow!

BRAMPSON—Most feared slugger...

SPORTSWRITER—And now hitting four-ninety-seven...

BRAMPSON—Well, we're on our way. Another pennant. Another World Series. And he'll hit . . .

SPORTSWRITER—Five hundred. Right, Boog?

BOOG—Maybe four-ninety-nine. Because only God. . .

(Suddenly all action freezes on stage. Mesmeric toll of drums as the distraught Scientist appears. His white coat is disheveled, his hair askew. He is clutching a black box with his arms wrapped protectively around it. The crowd draws back instinctively from him, creating a small open space.)

SCIENTIST—Saop! Stop! Enough helarity. There won't be any World Series this year. Everybody stand right where you are. Don't move. I'll blow you all to kingdom come before I'll let the Orioles win again.

BRAMPSON—*(Stepping forward, short-tarls flapping around his bare legs.)* Who the hell is this bum? Get this bum out-da here.

SCIENTIST—*(Holds up the box.)* There is an OFF-ON switch on top of it! Don't touch me! One false move and I'll throw this switch. I'll blow up Boog Powell and the whole locker room, too. BRAMPSON—*(Wavering uncertainly.)* But . . . why?

BOOG—So he can rule the world, that's why.

BRAMPSON—So go rule the world, fella. But leave the Orioles alone.

(Slowly, the celebs turn away. Boog to the floor. They all shuffle around uncertainly.)

SCIENTIST—Ah hah. Go ahead, worm me. But now I'm in control here. Me, Me, the one they all laughed at. But I'll show them. I'll show all of you.

(He cackles madly and reaches for the bomb switch. But Boog puts out one big, knobby hand and closes it around the Scientist's arm, holding him firm.)

BOOG—Wait just a minute, Franken-bum.

BRAMPSON—Uh, yes. Wait a minute. *(Turns to Boog.)* Uh, listen: Is he serious? Can he really blow up the Orioles?

BOOG—Yes, he is, and yes, he can.

BRAMPSON—*(To the Scientist.)* But why?

(Curtain)

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Boog!

Go blow up the Pirates, for heaven's sake. Why us?

SCIENTIST—Because the Boog Powell here is not real, that's why. Because I made him and I control him, that's why. I created him and I can create more robots. I can rule baseball; I can govern all mankind. That's why.

BRAMPSON—Not real? Boy, I'll say Boog Powell's not real. Wow! Did you see those homers he hit today, fella? Talk about unreal.

SCIENTIST—(Struggling to reach the switch) But you don't understand. None of you understand. . . .

(Music up. Brampson starts to pace around the clearing, gesturing excitedly, starts to sing. He comes to stage center and sings)

BRAMPSON—SO I DON'T UNDERSTAND; UNDERSTAND/DOES A CHILD UNDERSTAND ICE CREAM/ THE WAY I UNDERSTAND THIS BASEBALL TEAM/LISSEN SO YOU MADE A ROBOT; WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, WE'RE ALL ROBOTS, WE'RE ALL SLAVES, TO THOSE CHEERS, TO THOSE WAVES; WHY, WE'RE ALL IN THE THRILL OF BASEBALL/ SURE, WE'RE ALL CONTROLLED, IF I MAY SAY SO, BY THE THRILLS, BY THE GAME, BY THE 'SAY, HEY, SO, BLOW UP BASEBALL AND YOU'VE BLOWN, ANY HOPE OF A WORLD TO CALL YOUR OWN, HUH! WHO WANTS A WORLD/ SO DAMNED TAME, A WORLD WITHOUT ITS FAVORITE GAME!

(Music down. Now the Scientist waves. Boog Powell releases his grip and the crowd remains silent, watching the mad doctor. He looks into their faces)

SCIENTIST—You mean . . . you mean nobody would love me?

BOOG—He's right, Doc. Nobody would love you.

SCIENTIST—(Faltering) But I thought I was doing the right thing. You see, they all laughed at me and I. . . .

(Music up for final production number. Crowd starts singing softly in the background as the Scientist looks questioningly from Boog Powell to Brampson)

CHORUS—WHEN YOU'VE LOST IT IN THE SUN. . . .

BRAMPSON—AND THEY SCORE ANOTHER RUN. . . .

BOOG—THAT PUTS THEM IN THE LEAD LIKE THREE TO TWO. . . .

CHORUS—WHO IS THERE AT THAT PLATE. . . .

BRAMPSON—HITTING ABSOLUTELY GREAT! WHY. . . .

SCIENTIST—(Jawing tentatively) BOOG! BOOG POWELL, THAT'S WHO! WHEN YOU NEED A QUICK SCORE. . . .

CHORUS—THREE!

BRAMPSON—MAYBE FOUR!

SCIENTIST—(Full voice now) WHO BELTS 'EM IN? I ASK YOU: WHO?

(Crash of cymbals and the music stops suddenly. The chorus freezes and the Scientist breaks away, clutching his hat)

SCIENTIST—No. No! Stop it! I won't be dissuaded. You'll not get me with your sentimentality!

(He throws the switch. There is a stunned silence for a long moment; nothing happens. The crowd looks at Boog, to see if he's still there. Boog nods)

SCIENTIST—(Puzzled) But you didn't. . . you didn't blow. . . .

BOOG—No. Not me. I didn't explode because. . . .

BRAMPSON—Because?

BOOG—Because I'm the real Boog Powell. Me, the real one. And I'm free. It's the real me who has been hitting all those homers.

SCIENTIST—But my Boog robot. . . .

BOOG—(Sadly) He saved my life. He sacrificed his life for the game.

(He takes off his baseball cap and holds it over his heart. Brampson takes the cigar from his mouth and holds it over his heart, respectfully. Music up. The chorus starts again, softly)

CHORUS—WHEN YOU'VE LOST IT IN THE SUN. . . .

(As the chorus sings, little bits and pieces of charred Oriole uniform come floating down lazily from somewhere overhead. A bit of a cap. Then a baseball short wafers down, turning slowly so that the name POWELL shows, printed across

the shoulders. It is charred and burned. A fire-blackened bat falls)

BOOG—(Singing) AND THEY SCORE ANOTHER RUN. . . .

CHORUS—THAT PUTS THEM IN THE LEAD LIKE THREE TO TWO. . . .

BRAMPSON—WHO IS THERE AT THAT PLATE. . . .

(Song goes on in the background as Boog Powell steps forward to the edge of the stage, looking up. He noses, aloud)

BOOG—Well, folks, I dunno where he is now, but I am sure it must be in that Great Ball Game Up There. That Great Series in the Sky. Why, I see him dug in there at that Pearly Home Plate and the stands are full of angels cheering him on. And. . . .

BRAMPSON—(Puzzled) Angels? Why them bums are. . . .

BOOG—Shhh. This is a different team. He has gone to that Great On-Deck Circle in the Clouds, and the Greatest Scorer of Them All is watching him at bat right now. And he'll m'ar back, Boog will, and he'll belt out a mighty Celestial Circuit Clout, And he'll dance around them Pearly Bases. . . .

CHORUS—(Full voice) WHO BELTS 'EM IN? I ASK YOU: WHO?

BOOG—(Waving at the ceiling) BOOG! DO! YES, BOOG! THAT'S WHO!

CHORUS—Way to go, Boog!

BOOG—(Still looking up, tears on his cheeks) Yessir! Thanks a lot, Boog, wherever you are. Hang in there, Boog. Don't let them send you down. We'll all be together one day in that big lineup. . . .

(His voice breaks and he turns, sobbing, back to the others. As he joins the crowd, Brampson is talking earnestly to the Scientist)

BRAMPSON—(Consoling) Sure, I understand just how you feel, fella. Sure. But, listen: you're not all washed up. You can be famous yet. Now listen: I got an idea. . . .

SCIENTIST—(With renewed hope) Really? How?

BRAMPSON—I'll tell you how. Now, listen to me, you go back to your laboratory and maybe create me a couple of pitchers, see, and. . . .

(The final curtain drops as they walk off, arm in arm)

The End

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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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SHIRLEY VERRETT

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: International Opera Singer

HOBBIES: American Antiques, Collecting old engravings of opera singers, compiling a library of musical biographies.

LAST BOOK READ: *The American Singer*

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Successful critical debut as "Delilah" at La Scala.

QUOTE: "Opera is good discipline. But getting new things to do recharges me. I'm always looking for something else—that's why I like a lot of the new music. It comes from people who are curious, restless—they're the ones who innovate."

PROFILE: A warm and versatile woman. Confident. She has a restless intelligence that makes her eager to explore and perfect as many areas of expression as her talent will allow.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



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Dewar's never varies.

Baseball's First Masked Man

They called it a "rattrap," a "muzzle" and a "birdcage." One sportswriter complained, "There is a great deal of beastly humbug in contrivances to protect men from things which do not happen. There is about as much sense in putting a lightning rod on a catcher as there is a mask."

It was hardly the sort of reception one would expect for a device so well connected. After all, the catcher's mask did get its start at Harvard. Its inventor was a gentleman named Frederick Winthrop Thayer, and its first user was still another Cambridge man, James Alexander Tying, a law student and member of the 1877 Crimson baseball team. Are these purveyors of beastly humbug? Of birdcages and rattraps? Hardly.

The fact is, life was not easy for baseball catchers in those days. Most receivers positioned themselves well behind the batter, or "striker," but since they wore no protective gear at all—not even a glove—they were prime targets for foul balls and bad bounces, and their trademarks were gnarled fingers, bruised chests and raw chins. The career expectancy of the average catcher was three or four seasons.

Jim (Deacon) White, star catcher of the Boston Red Stockings in the mid-1870s, made things even worse by insisting on taking a position within a few feet of the batter, giving his pitcher a better target and himself an edge in throwing out base stealers. Other catchers at first wanted no part of such heroics, but eventually the advantages overwhelmed the risks, and the closup backstop became standard among professional, and ultimately college, squads.

One result of all this was that the Harvard team of 1877 started its preseason training without a catcher. Thayer, the Crimson coach, decided to ask Tying to move in from the outfield. He had all the requisites of a good catcher—agility, quick reflexes and a strong throwing arm. But being a young man of handsome good looks, firm of mouth and aristocratic of nose, Tying reacted predictably to the parade of broken bats and shattered teeth from behind the plate. He refused. There is one thing about a Harvard education—it teaches the basics.

Thayer decided that since his best catching prospect was worried about getting his face mashed, he would have to figure out a way to protect it. A mask

was the obvious answer but, since the catcher's mask did not exist, it would be necessary to invent one. Thayer was up to the challenge.

What he came up with was a spin-off from the fencer's mask, except with fewer and more widely spaced wires. He added shock-absorbing pads that rested on the forehead and cheeks, eventually making enough changes to justify obtaining a patent on the idea. A Cambridge tinsmith built a prototype mask for him, and Tying tried it out in preseason workouts. Finally, on April 12, 1877, he used it in a game.

Despite the blustery cold and snow flurries, the contest attracted a crowd of 3,000, according to the *Boston Globe*. It was not much of a match. The *Harvard Crimson* described it as "one-sided and rather stupid." It ended with the score Harvard 11, Lynn 3. One of the highlights was the catching.

Tying had two of Harvard's hits and scored two runs; more important, he made only two errors behind the plate, which was unusually low for the time. His performance moved the *Crimson* to say, "The new mask proved a complete success, since it entirely protected face and head and adds greatly to the confidence of the catcher, who need not feel that he is every moment in danger of lifelong injury. To the ingenious inventor of this mask we are largely indebted for the excellent playing of our new catcher, who promised to excel the fine playing of those who have previously held this position."

So much for the amateur view. When the press and baseball public eventually got around to assessing the new device, they found it, for the most part, wanting. One critic wrote in alarm, "We shall probably soon behold the spectacle of a player scuffling around the bases with a stove funnel on his legs and boiler-iron riveted across his stomach." Deacon

White tried the Thayer mask in a Boston game, but after a few pitches he threw it aside in disgust, claiming it obstructed his vision.

All this was typical of the day's view that any form of protection in baseball was less than manly, and nothing was more indicative of this attitude than the long delay before catchers got the other "tools of ignorance" that now enfold them. The first chest protector was a pad worn carefully under the blouse to avoid any chiding about it. The first protector worn out in the open was called a sheepskin, probably because that's what it was. John T. Clements of the Philadelphia Keystones of the Union League introduced it around 1884. Harry Decker, who played on several National League teams, introduced the first catcher's mitt around 1890. Roger Bresnahan of the New York Giants was the first to wear shin guards—an adaptation of the kind used by cricket players—in a game at the Polo Grounds in April 1907.

"They sure called me a lot of names when I first put them on," Bresnahan recalled years afterward. "But I guess they were a good idea. They tell me catchers still wear them."

Despite Deacon White's slur, many contemporary catchers came to Thayer asking him to run off one of his masks for them. Before long, he realized he had a pretty hot item in his birdcages, and on Jan. 15, 1878 he filed for the patent on his device, noting in his specifications that "it is not an unfrequent occurrence . . . for a player to be severely injured in the face by a ball thrown against it." Thayer's patent (No. 200,358) was granted.

Three of Thayer's masks still exist, and each is considered the original. Two are in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., one purported to be the first mask ever used and the other said to be the original model of the mask that Thayer submitted with his patent application. The third "original"—since plated with sterling silver—rests in a glass-enclosed cabinet in the reading room of the Harvard Varsity Club in Cambridge. Beside it is a card identifying it as "the first catcher's mask ever used in baseball."

Which one is truly the original? No one is sure, but Fred Thayer and Deacon White would have been astonished that the question ever came up.

—JOHN HANLON

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARTO RAGONE—**PETER BENSON** won the season's third U.S. American Challenge Cup trip, beating teammate **Dennis Hudine** at Round Atlanta in Georgia. Benson averaged 111.17 mph as he out-paced Hudine and brought Team McLaren to second 1/2 finish of the season.

Scotland's **JACKIE STEWART**, suffering from glandular fever, drove his Tyrrell-Ford to victory in the French Grand Prix at Le Circuit-de-Castellet. Stewart averaged 113.6 mph and won by 28.12 seconds over his French teammate, **Frans Coenen**. Stewart also increased his lead on the world driver's point standings to 14 over Jacky Ickx of Belgium.

CHARLIE GLOTZBRACH, with talent from Friday Hauler, drove his 1971 Chevrolet to victory in the NASR Air Volunteer 500 at the Hiram (Tex.) International Speedway. **Booby Arden**, the defending champion, finished second in a 1970 Ford, showing off the pace.

BOATING—**MISS MADISON**, a home-town-owned hydroplane piloted by **Jim McCormick**, scored an upset win in the American Powerboat Association Gold Cup Race in Madison, Ind., by averaging 144.522 mph in the final 15-mile heat.

BOWLING—**JOHN JOHNSON**, a right-hander from Akron, earned the first round of the \$50,000 PBA Winter-Spring tournament in Redwood City, Calif., in fourth place but averaged 216 on the last day to win 14th title.

GOLF—**LIEE TREVIING** headed the final hole at Royal Birkdale in Southampton, England to win the British Open with a 276, a 17, to be one stroke ahead of **Lo Lomg-han** of Taiwan (July 17). Later in the week, **Tanaka** won the \$150,000 Camelton Open in Miami with a hole-in-one at the hole of a three-putt after trying **Art Wall** with a 275 at the end of regulation play.

JANE BLALOCK, who made **Kathy Whitworth** by two strokes over the field to finish, finished with an 11 under-par 208 to win the \$25,000 Georgia Womans Open final classic at the Hooten Springs Club in Marietta, Pa. Jo-Joe Turner (U.S.) Womans Open champion, finished second at 216. **Ms. Whitworth** was third at 219 after a three-putt on 76 on the last day.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, a 55-year-old stockbroker from Columbus, Ga., shot a hole-in-one three-over-par 73 for a 283 total to win the International Senior Amateur Championship at the King's Course in Glenageary, Scotland.

HARNESS RACING—**FRESH YANKEE** won the \$12,525 Toots Cup in the final stakes of Grand Circuit West, in Goshen, N.Y., and Cactus won the \$10,000 Hovine Dabneron stake in the week (July 4).

ALBATROSS (52-10), driven by **Stanley Dunbar**, won his eighth stakes in a row with a 45-length victory over **High Kick** in the \$54,000 Brewer Pace for 1-year-olds at Richelieu Raceway in Montreal.

HORSE RACING—**JIM FRENCH** (34), Angel Cordeiro Jr. won the \$81,300 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct by three-quarters of a length over **Fairfax** (21).

MANTA (51-20), ridden by **Laffie Pincay Jr.**, scored a 7 1/2-length victory over **Typocast** in the \$66,400 Beverly Hills Handicap at Hollywood Park in 2:12 1/4, a record time for the race.

TWICE WORKTHY (51-20), with **Johnny Ranne** up, won the \$115,460 Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct, the second leg of the handicap triple crown, by half a length over **Kumple**.

At New Jersey's Monmouth Park, **FORWARD GAL** (51:40) took the \$37,700 Monmouth Oaks by nearly two lengths over **Akita** (52:00).

JAI ALAI—**KIRBY PRATER**, **CHARLES HERNANDEZ**, **CHARLES BUCKLE** and 15-year-old **JOEY CORNELIUS**, the youngest player ever to qualify, won the right to represent the U.S. in the World Amateur Championships to be played in France Sept. 10 to 19.

MOTORCYCLING—World Champion **GIACOMO AGOSTINI** of Italy won the 500-cc event in the East German Sachsenring Championships in Hertenstein-Ernsdorf. He averaged 55 mph.

SWIMMING—**SHANE GUILD**, 18, of Australia, set a world record of 4:21.3 in the 400-meter freestyle

and posted the second-fastest time in the world in the 100-meter freestyle with a 1:30.41 clocking at the Santa Clara (Calif.) International Invitational (July 17).

TENNIS—**MRS. MARGARET COURT** topped her Wimbledon defeat by beating **Louise Borge** 6-1, 3-6, 6-3 in the first round. **Chris Evert** defeated **Doris** 6-1, 3-6, 6-3 in the second round. **Cliff Drysdale** of South Africa won the men's title with a 6-3, 6-3 victory over **Cliff Gustafson** of New York. At the **Shades Championship** in Newport, **KEN ROSE-WALKER** retained his title by defeating **Roger Taylor** 6-1, 9-4, 6-3. **Steve Frier** of Canada, a Wimbledon Challenger, won the Wimbledon winner, **JOHN McWORMER**, defeated **Tom Okker** of Holland 6-2, 3-5, 1-4, 4-7, 6-7 for the men's title.

TRACK FIELD—Olympic gold medalist **KIP CHOICE** of Kenya won the mile in 3:54.4, the best time in the world this year, at the July Games in Stockholm, as **Jim Ryan**, hampered by his knee, finished last in a field of 10 at 4:37.1. The 11-mi. **Kenn** was beaten by two-thirds of a second by Australian **TONY BENSON** in the 3,000-meter run. Meanwhile, the band of the world's 100-mile **MARY LUGGILL**, beat the American record in the 2000-meter run by 2 seconds with a 9:02.7 at an international meet in Leuven, Belgium.

TENNIS—**STATE'S** 440-year women's relay team set a world record of 44.7 seconds in the **1971 A.A.U. Women's Championships** in Richmond, Calif. The quartet of **Diane Hagen**, **Debbie Widdowson**, **Martine Rindler** and **Donna** finished the record of 45 seconds in the 1970 U.S. English team. After a season, the **ATMUS CLUB** of Brooklyn (Kale Polignac, Linda Reynolds, Michelle McDaniel, Cheryl Tourant), bettered its world record in the one-mile relay by 2 seconds with a 3:18. **PAT HAWKINS**, also of the **ATMUS**, lowered his American record in the 200-meter hurdles to 33.8.

UWE BEYER of West Germany broke the world record for the hammer throw with a toss of 267' 9 1/2" at the German Championships in Stuttgart, eclipsing the previous mark by 6 1/2'.

WILPOETS—**ADMITTED SATCHEL PAIGE**, so called membership in the Baseball Hall of Fame, refused to let a supreme sign of the money man for the first time in his life. **Robert Kuhn** received an earlier unsolicited donation.

BANNED ALL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP **TENNIS** professional players, by the International Lawn Tennis Federation, the governing body of amateur tennis. Starting next year, **John Newcombe**, **Rod Laver** and 10 other open players under contract with **Lamar Hunt's WCT** will not be allowed to compete at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and all other U.S. tournaments and tournaments. "It was either them or us," said an IITF delegate. "Tennis was becoming self-proclaimed, with their members slowly taking over the majority of the game." Awaiting a comprehensive settlement.

INDUCTED—Into the **Horsemen's Hall of Fame**, **Jockey JOHNNY LONGDRIN**, 64, who won 1,632 races between 1927 and 1966.

REIGNED—After three years as general manager of the **NBA's San Diego Rockets**, **ALTE NEWELL**, 35, following the team transfer to Houston.

SELECTED GREENHOUND, winner of 71 races in 82 starts (1974-81) as the outstanding horse of the century, and **BRIET HANOVER**, who won 62 and lost only six (1964-66) as the top race, in a membership poll conducted by the **Hall of Fame** of the Trotter.

DIED PEDRO RODRIGUEZ, 38, of Mexico, died a decade a night international race at **St. Louis**, where he finished eighth and fourth during a European Intercities event in Nürnberg, Germany. Rodriguez, younger brother of **Ricardo**, was a champion driver for the Mexican Grand Prix in 1962.

DIED DAVID (C) **KASLEMAN**, 62, a forward on the **Philadelphia Flyers**, died of a heart attack. He had helped lead the team to 11 professional basketball titles in 13 years (1924-40) of a team in Philadelphia.

DIED RAY DUMONT, 66, organizer, promoter and longtime president (60 years) of the **Ontario National Baseball Congress**, in Wichita, Kan.

DIED MISS LOULA LONG CORNELL, 90, whose letters and poems illuminated short lives in the U.S. and Canada for more than half a century, in **Levi's Summit, Mo.**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ALEX IN WONDERLAND

SIR:

Your article (*For Failure to Give His Best*, July 5) has altered my opinion of Alex Johnson even more. Being a professional baseball player, I have on many occasions talked to Alex. In 1970 I was a member of the Boston Red Sox, and on that final day of the season when he beat out Carl Yastrzemski for the batting title, the manner in which he did it tore me up. This year, in the games in which I've competed against him, I've spoken to him and feel that something has torn the man up completely. I feel that something terrible happened to Alex that affects his play on the field. In my opinion it was of racial origin, and to this day, unfortunately, racial problems still exist in pro ball. I find it regrettable to say that I don't think Alex can continue in baseball, but if he does or if he chooses another vocation, I wish Johnson all the luck in the world. Wherever he goes, I hope everyone will treat him a little more humanely.

MIKE ANDREWS
Second Baseman
Chicago White Sox

SIR:

Alex Johnson proved his ability by winning the American League batting title in 1970. He is a man with great talent, if he would only use it. If the controversial superstar is not interested in baseball anymore, then he should enter some other profession. I agree with the suspension, because it will help relieve the tension on the ballclub and give Alex time to think it over.

MIKE MURRAY

Jacksonville, Ala.

SIR:

Should Johnson be condemned because he is not utilizing his ample baseball talents and is therefore making a mockery of those players in the majors and minors who are working as hard as they can? Or should he be sympathized with as an individual with problems in and out of the context of baseball? There is no quick and mutually satisfying answer, but I do believe that the only solution is communication. Alex Johnson should realize that he must speak his mind, and the Angel management should listen with an open mind and with an intent to help the man.

MICHAEL CURLEY
Middleboro, Mass.

SIR:

It seems to me that Alex Johnson has taken on that great American institution, baseball, and like anyone who takes on an American institution, he is being crucified

for it. Johnson has not only criticized baseball but had the nerve to do it from behind a black skin. So now everyone is trying to make him look like a fanatic.

CURTIS JACKSON

Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR:

Why pick on Alex Johnson? Don't you think he has enough troubles as it is? The Angels, supposedly pennant contenders, just need something to gripe about, so they pick on one of baseball's best because he is not showing hot-doggin' hustle. Johnson does not smoke or drink nor does he violate curfew. And yet he is bad for baseball. At an Angel game Johnson went out of his way to sign autographs for kids while some of his teammates almost beat up the little kids for asking for them. As far as I'm concerned, Alex Johnson is a hero.

MARK JEWETT

Bakersfield, Calif.

SIR:

I originally thought Johnson was just another troublemaker, but after reading your article I can easily imagine his troubles and why they would cause him to care less about his team. I think his suspension will give him time to cope with his troubles and come back ready to perform like the Johnson of 1970.

JOHN STEPHENSON

Jasper, Ala.

SIR:

If a player such as Johnson has problems, I feel they should be settled off the field only. A man who brings his troubles on the playing field, no matter how great they may be, is not a true ballplayer in my book.

DAVE MEINERBERGER

Lower Burrell, Va.

WHO SRE?

SIR:

I suspect Chris Schenkel knows Joyce Kilmer is a he (THY SAID IT, July 5). However, you may have an overzealous editor who changed the actual quotation from he to she. I sure would like to know the facts. Did Chris say "she"?

LARRY LUNDQUIST

Wayzata, Minn.

• It was Mr. Schenkel's tongue that slipped, not the editor's pencil.—ED.

PLAY BALL

SIR:

We feel called upon to vindicate the NCAA in the handling of the 1971 NCAA

Golf Championships (*Gentle Ben Rawks Up the College Crowd*, July 5). Our coach, Vic Kelley, was chairman of the tournament, and we believe we gained some insight into the enormous amount of work that went into it. If Larry Wadkins has some better ideas on how to run the tournament in a more efficient manner, we're sure Mr. Kelley and the NCAA would be anxious to hear them. With a field of 226 players, it is commendable the tournament was finished at all. The normal professional field is 144-150, and even then there are problems concerning slow play, caddies, practice facilities, etc. As participants in the tournament, we have no major complaints. Rather, we commend the exceptional play by most of the field.

PETER LASZLO
DON TRENT
UCLA Golf Team

Los Angeles

PUT UP OR SHUT UP

SIR:

I was shocked at the audacity of Ohio State Tight End Jan White and his agent, Tony Razzano, in lashing out at the Buffalo Bills in Morten Sharrak's article *The Buckeyes Don't Have It July 5*. The terms offered to White as a second-round draft choice seem quite fair. After all, does he expect the Bills to pay him a fortune when the team has to worry about 45 veterans and 16 other draft choices? As yet he has not shown he is another John Mackey. Also, playing an dilapidated War Memorial Stadium has not helped the Bills' financial woes. Let Jan White get his master's in criminology; we still have O. J. Simpson, Dennis Shaw, J. D. Hill, . . .

JAMES WALENTYNOWICZ
Cheektowaga, N.Y.

SIR:

I have been a diehard fan of the San Francisco 49ers since their beginning. Being such a fan and willing to pay stiff admission prices to see my team play, I think I am entitled to see a team composed of players who really want to play. I say chuck those prima donnas who put money first. A few more cases like those uppity Buckeyes and I will stop being interested in pro football.

I realize rookies want a large sum of money to play pro football. Well, if they want it bad enough, let them earn it and the right to ask for it. Produce, and then ask for a large sum.

FRED A. EGLIF

San Francisco

SIR:

Perhaps one should examine the entire

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

scope of intercollegiate athletics. Does the NCAA advocate athletics to supplement one's educational endeavors or does it advocate athletics as a steppingstone to professional sports? If more of the so-called students would concentrate on attaining a degree instead of impressing professional scouts, then perhaps they would have some alternative if pro teams do not offer them the money they desire.

SHELDON WOLFF

Pennsauken, N.J.

SIT-UPS ANYONE?

Sirs:

As a high school girls' physical education teacher, I was most distressed to see your recognition of Terra Phillips' achievement in the July 5 *FACES IN THE CROWD*. The American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation establishes percentages according to age and sex for their fitness tests. For girls' sit-ups, the 100th percentile and "ceiling" is 50. Ruptured muscles in the abdominal wall and severe strain on the back could result from an excess, especially as many as Miss Phillips was allowed to do.

KAREN KAUFMAN

Kirkwood, Mo.

Sirs:

After having read about this somewhat dubious feat, I recalled that I, as a junior in high school when taking the Marine Physical Fitness Test for my physical education class, had attained a speed of about one sit-up per second for the short time of two minutes. Upon completion of this task, I was somewhat fatigued but pleased with what I then believed to be something of an accomplishment. But Miss Phillips' 45 per minute put me to shame.

Being the cynic I am, I checked the *Ginners Book of World Records* for what is considered the world record in sit-ups. I found in my chapter that on June 6, 1966, Special Agent John R. Greenfields of the FBI completed 15,011 sit-ups in less than six hours. This comes to about 2,500 per hour and therefore, because of the extreme number of sit-ups and the corresponding fatigue that sets in, your report of 2,700 in one hour seemed reasonable.

PAUL MILES MATTHIAS

Morrisville, N.Y.

ALL-STAR DILEMMA

Sirs:

Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has created more dissatisfaction than ever with the fan voting system for the All-Star game. I attended two baseball games during the voting period and received approximately 20 ballots while entering the stadium. This shows that the current voting system is not only inaccurate but is nothing more than a

popularity contest. The selection should be left to the players, who are the experts.

RICHARD KUYEN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I think the best solution for the picking of the All-Star team is not being used. I realize the fans support the teams and should have a hand in the selections. As it stands now, the fans pick the first team except the pitchers and the managers pick the rest of the squad including the pitchers. I think a better selection process would be to allow the players to select the first team and the pitchers (of course they couldn't vote for their teammates). Then let the fans pick the second team. This would not only allow the fans to see their favorites but would mean that the players who deserve to play would play. If there are duplications between the players' selections and the fans', the managers would fill in the vacant spots.

JOE BUJAK

Loretto, Pa.

PIDDL-PADDLE (CONT.)

Sirs:

In the *LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER* commenting on *Extramuscling a Ping-Pong Pro* (June 28), Dick Miles stated that "no American has ever won the world title." If you'll check the records you will see that Ruth Aaron won a world title for the U.S. in 1936. Wait until Women's Lib gets wind of this.

JAVIN C. LAMON

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

I am sure Miles was referring to the type of players that ordinarily participate in a weekly neighborhood session, but what he did not tell me is how to beat a person who hits a Klampar Hungarian goulash side-spin loop drive or a Schöler chopper. Actually, I am speaking of the same shots one encounters at a typical USTTA tournament, even though the players are not as adept as Hungary's Tibor Klampar (recent winner of the Vanderbilt tournament) or Germany's Eberhard Schöler. Even Miles might shudder at the thought of meeting one of these two.

This leads me to the thought of how great it would be for the NCAA to adopt a table tennis program on an intercollegiate basis in place of some minor sports that have high operating costs and low income. Table tennis would be the perfect game to help relieve colleges and universities of their financial burdens.

RAYMOND K. FELD

Atlanta

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